

The

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK

NEW JERSEY

Arthur Belcher

Principal

Senior Optimist

*Looks on the bright side of life—
the sunnyside — the South Side*

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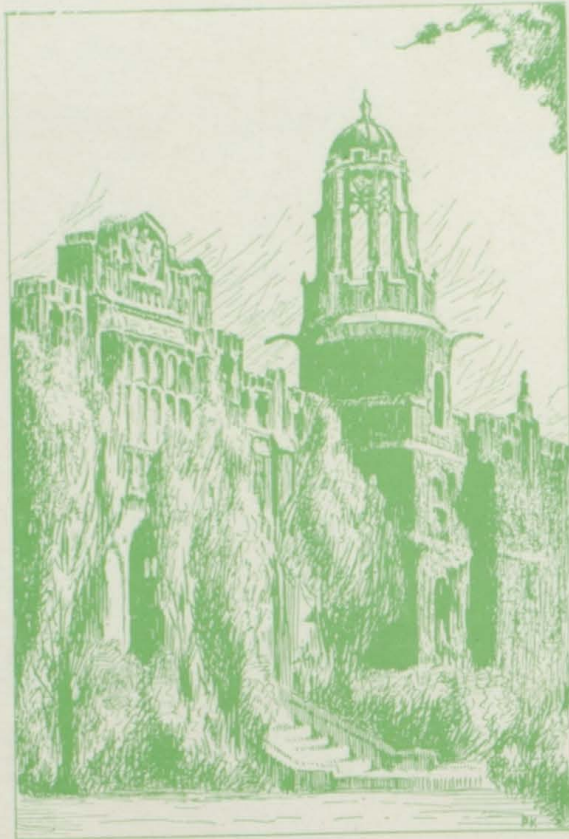
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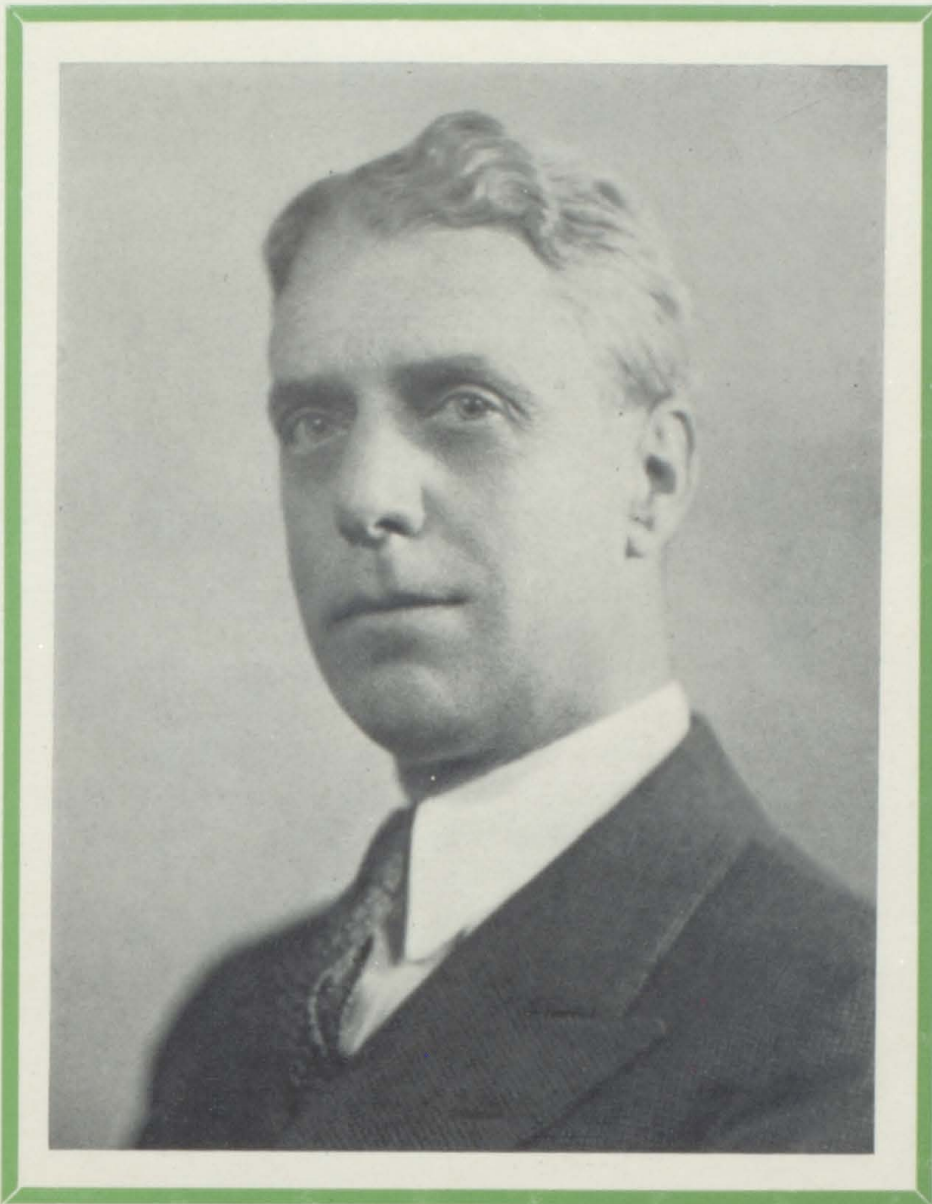
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Foreword

- It is with a great deal of pleasure and enthusiasm that we record here in the Optimist the memories of the many days spent at South Side. 'Tis true that of these memories some may cause a sigh, but far outnumbering these are the memories of the days spent in cheerful comraderie while we learned the classics and became prepared for the paths of life. It is with mingled joy and reget that we take leave, joy—to be going forth into the world to apply what we have gleaned from our high school life; regret—at leaving the school which has sheltered us, the teachers who have nurtured us. We will long cherish this book, a true account of a four-year chapter in our book of Life.



ELISHA L. FISHER

Dedication

To Mr. Elisha L. Fisher, our adviser, we dedicate this, our Yearbook. We hope, with modest pride, that he will cherish it as fondly as we shall cherish memories of his fine spirit of cooperation.

Mr. Fisher, "*Te Salutamus!*"

Catch The Sunshine

Catch the sunshine though it flickers
Through a dark and dismal cloud,
Though it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bowed;
Catch it quickly, it is passing,
Passing rapidly away;
It has only come to tell you
There is yet a brighter day.



Catch the sunshine though 'tis only
One pale, flickering beam of light,
There is joy within its glimmering
Whispering 'tis not always night;
Don't be moping, sighing, weeping,
Look up, look up like a man,
There's no time to grope in darkness,
Catch the sunshine when you can.

Catch the sunshine, don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there,
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them, do not tarry,
Overcome the heaving tide.
There's a sparkling glow of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

Catch the sunshine, catch it gladly
Messenger in Hope's employ
Sent through clouds and storms and billows,
Bringing you a cup of joy,
O, then, don't be sighing, weeping,
Life you know is but a span,
There's no time to sigh and weep,
Catch the sunshine when you can.

—Shirley Pivnick and
Gloria Press

Literature



Stanley The Dreamer

By Irvin Stock

OH, how dreary today had been for Stanley. In the morning he had waited for Harry Gommel to call for him (didn't he always call for Harry?), but Harry hadn't come. He had gone to play ball with "Red" Linney perhaps, or to show Tommy how to build a ferris wheel on his erector set. Who knows? But here he hadn't come and Stanley had had nothing to do in the morning. And when, after dinner, he had wanted to go and see "Helldorado" with Harry, he found that Harry had gone without him, and that made him feel sadder still.

He had waited for a while outside his father's store and then he had gone into the store behind the tall candy counter. He had crept far back into the cave where Mr. Feather kept his cardboard boxes and staring at its wall, he had dreamed. Always when he was sad Stanley hid in that cave with the leather flap hanging down over the opening, and oh! what wonderful dreams he had. How great and good they made him feel! It didn't matter if his friends had gone away. It didn't matter if Tommy laughed at the way he threw a ball, or mocked him when his mother called him away from fights.

So Stanley crept into the cave after dinner and in the darkness he sat down on a box and dreamed. He dreamed that he was walking along a country road and everything was sunny, and all the world smelled sweet, sweet, sweet. Suddenly he came to a little tree. A voice called to him from the tree.

"Stanley," said the voice, "If you put your arms around my trunk you can have anything you wish."

And Stanley in the cave grew excited and breathless. He thought of what he wanted most. Was it to play ball better than anybody in the world? Was it to have a great, big house in the country, near a swimming pool and a playground, and a vacation of always to enjoy it in? Was it to have a beautiful princess to kiss and kiss and kiss?

Just then Stanley heard his father's footsteps outside the cave and the boxes vibrated a little. And he felt a wave of content come over him and he hugged himself in the darkness. The world was outside; Harry Gommel and school and his father and mother and hard light was outside, while he sat in the cozy dark and dreamed. How good it was!

"Stanley!" He held up the flap and he saw through the open show case his mother, standing in the store's doorway. She was looking down the street. "Stanley!" He crept out of the cave and walked up behind his mother.

"Here I am," he said.

She turned suddenly. "How you frightened me, Stanley!" she gasped. Then she said, "Supper's ready."

Stanley answered, "I'll be right in, mom," and waiting till his mother had gone, he got onto the stool under the magazine rack, and drew from it a crimson "War Birds." Then he jumped down.

In the kitchen everybody was seated at the table, his father in his place near the entrance to the store, his mother near the gas range and his sister with her back to the couch. There was a window opposite the doorway, which looked out into the littered back yard, and this threw a dull, sunless light over the table.

As Stanley entered, his mother got up, swallowing. "Sit down, Stanley," she said, and she brought a big pot over to the table and filled another plate with soup. Laying his magazine near the plate, Stanley sat down and opened it.

"Stanley!" said his father. "How many times must we tell you not to read at the table?"

"Aw, Pa," he said, "why not? It doesn't hurt anybody."

"Always 'Why not? Why not?'" Mr. Feather mimicked him, angrily. "If you lived a while at Uncle Joe's house, you'd learn why not. A smack across the face! I'm too easy with you."

Helen said softly from across the table, "I don't read when I eat."

And Mrs. Feather said, "Now, Stanley, why don't you put away the book and talk to us. Talk about school. You never talk about school anymore."

Stanley sighed, and then, suddenly, the store bell rang.

"Sit still," said Mrs. Feather to her husband, and, again wiping her lips with the tip of her apron, she ran into the store.

"And this is how it is everyday, everyday," thought Stanley, "Nobody let's me do anything."

"Why don't you eat?" asked his mother when she came in and saw that his soup plate was almost full. "Why don't you eat, Stanley? Don't you feel good?" At the tenderness in her voice Stanley felt suddenly like crying and all the melancholy that his dreaming had dispersed came back and poured into him. A great self-pity rose in his throat and his eyes filled.

"No," he said, "I don't feel good. I don't feel good."

"Let him sulk," said his father, pushing back his chair and rising. "He's been spoiled, that's what's wrong with him."

"What's the matter, Stanley, dear?" asked his mother, softly. "Do you feel blue?" If he were fresh, if he did something naughty, Mrs. Feather knew what to do. But could she punish him for this? Could she scold him because all morning he had stood quietly in the doorway and stared at the street; because in the afternoon his friends had gone away and left him lonely; because now he was sad and couldn't eat?

Mr. Feather repeated, "Let him sulk. He's been spoiled, that's all." And at that Mrs. Feather grew angry.

"Here! You go into the store, now that you've finished. Are you the only one in the house who can be blue sometimes?" The store bell rang and she said, "That's right, you go into the store."

She turned to her son. "Stanley," she said, "tell me what's the matter. Did you have a fight with Harry or Tommy?" She bent over and brushed the hair from his eyes. "What do you care for them?"

Stanley swallowed and said, "No, mom. Let me eat a little later. I'm just not hungry." He rose but she would not let him go.

"At least drink your soup," she said. "It's good. It'll warm you up."

He finished his soup with his mother sitting beside him. Once she said softly, "What do you care for Harry and Tommy?" And he answered, "It's *not* them, mom. It's *not* them."

He went into the store and saw his father sitting near the doorway and reading. When his son entered, Mr. Feather looked up, but, seeing Stanley, he turned around on the stool and went on reading. Stanley walked back of the candy counter and crept into the cave. And as he sat down in the darkness the lump in his throat softened a little. He leaned against a tall box and began to think of his father and his mother. And soon these thoughts changed and blended and faded from his mind, and he began to dream. Again he dreamed of a bright place where everything was sunny and sweet-smelling. He dreamed that he was walking in a field full of many-colored flowers. And these were magic flowers that played music in the sun. He lay down in his dream on a little hill of grass and looked at the sky and listened to the music. And then a fairy with hair just like his sister's came and put her hands on his cheek. But all through this dream a sadness was in his heart. The friends who did not like him and the angry father lurked on all sides of his dream, and they made a fear and a heaviness enter his stomach. For a long time he sat on the boxes in the dark. Then, suddenly, a fierce ache shot through his temple and his forehead grew moist. He sat still and almost stopped breathing, as if by doing that he could prevent it from returning. But again and again the ache struck his forehead and soon it was as though his heart were there, pounding against it. He bent down and crept out of the cave. He saw his mother in the store, dusting the cigar counter. For a moment he hesitated, but remembering that at this time his father would be taking a haircut, he walked slowly around the show case. Standing before his mother, he held his hand to his head and moaned while outside the cars ran back and forth, throwing out not sounds, but knives, that stabbed and stabbed him in the head.

"Mom," he said, "I don't feel good."

His mother looked down at him, alarmed. "What do you feel, Stanley?" she asked. "Where does it hurt you?"

He pressed his hand to his head. "Here."

She threw the dust rag back of the counter and, murmuring "Now's," drew him into the kitchen. It was almost dark in there but the light from the store showed them a little pale splotch near the couch. It was holding something that shone dully.

"Go to sleep, Jacqueline," it said. "I always go to sleep on time."

Mrs. Feather felt over the table for the string and put on the light. And Helen, holding a doll, blinked up at Stanley.

She asked, "What's the matter?"

But Mrs. Feather said nothing, only pushed her gently away. She snatched a book off the couch, "Stanley, lay down here," she said. "I'll give you something and you'll feel better in no time."

She turned to Helen, "Go upstairs and get the Sal Hepatica out of the medicine chest." And Helen, looking frightened, hurried away.

"Mom!" cried Stanley from the couch. "I don't feel good!"

"Now, Stanley," his mother said. "Now, now . . ." She took a quick look into the store. Then she walked over and sat down nervously on the edge of the couch.

"Do you feel better lying down?" she asked again, brushing the hair from his eyes.

He closed his eyes and whispered, "No."

His mother rose and walked over to the doorway and looked into the store. Her lips were pressed thinly together. Then, as she was walking back to the couch, the store bell rang.

"Don't get up," she said to Stanley, and she hurried into the store.

Stanley looked up at the ceiling. He felt a sickness in his stomach, which swelled so suddenly that a fear came over him. And he began to whimper. There was a noise at the hall door and his sister appeared and put something on the table. Then, looking at him out of the corner of her eye, she walked to the door, hesitated a moment, and, still looking curiously back at the couch, she went into the store.

Again his mother was in the kitchen, moving about quickly, to the sink, to the table, back to the sink. Finally she stopped and bent over him.

"Get up, Stanley," she said.

He sat up. She placed her hand at his back and a glass at his lips. But oh, it frothed and it was white!

"Drink it, Stanley," she said.

Oh! how it frothed. Stanley burst into tears. "I can't! I can't!" he wept. And in the store the bell rang.

"Oh, my God," his mother murmured, and she put the glass on the table and ran out of the kitchen.

Stanley lay back again. He stared at the ceiling and felt afraid. From the store came the sound of his mother's voice and a stranger's and the two blended into an ominous "Mmmmmm."

His mother returned and he sat up, his heart pounding. Again she tried to make him drink it. But he moaned, "I can't," and he turned away his head. Helen walked in, but stood frightened and watched from the doorway.

"Drink, Stanley." Her voice grew firm. Then, in exasperation, "Why are you such a baby? Do you want people to laugh at you? Everybody will laugh at you!"

A new fear sprang up in his heart and he turned on an elbow and looked out of the kitchen window into the yard. But no one was there.

Once more he tried to take the medicine, then, shuddering, he pushed it away. "I can't! I can't!" And he lay back on the couch and wept.

His mother sighed. "Then try to sleep," she said. She loosened his belt. "Turn over on the other side and try to sleep." She covered him with a coat which was lying over the back of Helen's chair, and then, wiping her forehead, she walked back into the store. Helen, watching curiously from the doorway, moved to let her pass, but came back herself and stood there and looked at Stanley. For a moment the kitchen was very still.

Then he said to his sister, sobbing, "Don't tell anybody, Helen."

She nodded and said nothing, only watched him. But looking at her from the couch he grew frightened.

"Don't tell anybody," he repeated. "Oh, Helen, if you do I'll kill you, honest I will." He shifted on the couch and the coat covering him slid to the floor. But he left it there and, breathing hard, stared at the ceiling.

The store bell rang. Helen looked into the store and saw that it was Tommy, come to buy candy. The boy, looking into the show case, was turning his cap slowly on his head.

"It's Tommy," she told her brother. He started up and a fear rushed over him.

"Oh, Helen, don't tell him! Don't tell him!" He put his hand to his mouth and sobbed into it.

She thought to herself, "What if I told him?" and she felt a thrill of pity for poor Stanley. She took her sweater from the hanger behind the door and walked into the store. "What if I told him?" She walked past Tommy to the street and there on the stoop she waited.

It was dark and windy out and people were walking with their collars up. And all along the street the lights were on. When Tommy came out she said, "Hello, Tommy," and began to walk beside him. After a moment she said, feeling frightened, "I know something about Stanley."

Tommy stopped and looked at her sideways. "What?" he asked.

"Never mind."

"I'll give you a piece of this if you tell me." He held out his licorice stick. "Go ahead. Tell me," he said.

Helen wanting more and more to tell, clutched at this excuse. "Alright," she said, "give me half."

He measured the licorice stick and pulled it apart. "Here." What do you know about Stanley?"

She took a deep breath and, feeling a twinge of fear and pity, she whispered, "He cried just like a baby and didn't take his medicine." Oh, how bad she was! "And he kept saying, 'I can't, I can't!'"

In the kitchen Stanley lay with the hurt dying from his body, and wondered where Helen had gone. A fear began to grow in his stomach, and he moved about nervously on the couch.

Suddenly he heard a noise from the yard. And turning on the couch, he saw Tommy peering at him through the window. The yellow kitchen light was on his face. His lips were contorted with laughter, and his nose was flattened eagerly against the window pane.

"What I know about you!" Tommy yelled through the window.

A great flood of shame poured through Stanley. She had told him! Oh, she had told him! He leaped from the bed and ran into the store. He began to cry wretchedly and the blood beat in his cheeks.

"Oh, mom! She told him on me! She told him on me!" He could never go out, he could never go to school again! The bitter tears gleamed from his face.

"Where is she?" He flamed with anger. He ran sobbing behind the cigar counter, and almost ran into his wondering mother, who tried in vain

to catch his hand. He ran behind the candy counter. "Where is she?" With face and nose wet he tore aside the flap of his cave. He screamed, "Helen!" and sobbing threw himself on his sister who cowered way back among the boxes. Her eyes grew wide and she began to cry.

"Why did you tell? Oh! why did you tell?" he sobbed, and he scratched her and punched her while her screams mixed with his own. Then suddenly, he gave a low wail and sank back to the floor. With sickness in his heart, he thought of Tommy and of his friends. He saw them all laughing at him, heard them shrieking, "Cry baby! Cry baby!" And wave after wave of shame heated his cheeks. He sobbed breathlessly, wiping the tears from his face with his sleeve, and his sister wept beside him. A box tumbled to the floor and Stanley fell against his sister, and all the world was hurt and fright and shame for them there, as they lay together in the dark and cried with all their might.

ROMANTICISM OR REALISM?

A Romantic and a Realist
Were engaged in combat fierce,
Said the Realist to the Romantic
"The walls of Convention, I'll pierce.
Your words are so pedantic
They nearly drive me frantic."
The retort came as on the wings of night,
"You Realists would the world afright,
With your fearful tale of woe,
The world isn't such a gloomy place,
If you use bright paint on its face."

Ruth Schwartzberg.

RAIN

In the soft, insistent patter
Of the early morning rain,
In the dull, incessant chatter
Of the raindrops on the pane;
In the mild swish, swish
Of the tires on the stones,
And the disconcerting echoes
Of the whistles' brazen tones,
There's a vague, elusive charm
Which lasts only till I see
The damp, disgusted look
Of pedestrians as they flee.

—Israel Geller

SHELTER

Behold! God's Hills!
I love His glorious hills—
For it is from hills that I derive
My peace, my shelter, life,
For it is on hills that each passing breeze
Teases all my faults and tears away!

And flat upon my back I lie
On the summit of my hill,
Green fields below, blue world above,
Small and humble
Yet comforted withal in witness of my hill.

—Hazel Feinsilver.

Friends

By Isadore Markowitz

BYRON HARPER was a small man, and becoming a little stout around the middle. His large, black overcoat made him seem round and puffy. He walked on the hard, slippery glaze of the snow, and occasionally he broke through. His oily face began to sweat, and the frost turned the tiny globules into ice. He walked in a blank, white loneliness; empty lots on either side of the street, a towering skyline of office buildings in the background. The snow had sifted in over his rubbers, and caked a cold wetness on his socks.

His house was half a mile from the office, and in fair weather he often walked the distance, glad of the exercise. Today he had expected to take the car, but Evelyn had wanted it for a drive to the mountains. She was to go skiing with a friend. He thought—the same friend, or is it another one? Gigolos must be cheap nowadays. But he said nothing, kissed her dutifully, and marched off to work.

He had been busy that day; there were two cases to be studied, and all the petty, unfinished details that accumulate towards the end the month in a lawyer's office. But after he had done his chores there was the pleasant little task of counting up the monthly receipts. After deducting expenses, and dividing with his partner, he found himself with a total of about six hundred dollars. He was surprised and elated. Of course, the Rexford fee had been unusually large—yes, that accounted for it. So here he was with six hundred dollars, and a mind free to plan. He had been thinking of a vacation for some time; ever since the thermometer had begun to fall, and the snow and frost had kept it down about the freezing point. He would enjoy a vacation; he hadn't really had one since his marriage some eight years ago. He was still comparatively young, and in the very prime of his life. Yes, a vacation was the thing, now that he had the money; and he could easily leave the office to his partner for a month or so.

Now he was thinking of it, letting the thoughts filter into his mind as he walked along. Thoughts of the sunny South; of Florida; the leisure, the warmth, and the laziness of a vacation on the beach. Days of lounging in the warm, laving water; of dozing in a long deck chair, under an awning, to protect him from the sun . . .

From the sun! He smiled sarcastically, and stared into a grey luminescent dome that bounded the earth. No sign of a sun to be protected from, not even a single ray; just a heavy, grayish shroud, suggesting . . . he shuddered.

But the mood passed quickly. He thought again of the South. Yes, it would be Florida; the papers all said so, and Evelyn would enjoy it. *She* was still beautiful; even though eight years had blunted the enthusiasm of the rising young lawyer, and shown him a little more of the world than he would have wanted to see. He was no longer handsome; nor had he ever been. He wondered again why Evelyn had married him; and again he answered himself—for money. But he had loved her. He still loved her,

and she was his wife. She belonged to him: once, long ago, the judge (it had not been a church wedding) had said, "—and do you solemnly swear to honor and obey—," and she had said, "I do."

Yes, she would like it there; and he would not grudge her a little flirtation. There were many young fellows who would jump at her glance; they would follow her around, as if tied to the hem of her dress. And she would be supremely ignorant of them, and enjoy herself immensely. It would be fun, to watch them trot along, and it would hurt to see her smile at them. She never really smiled at *him*.

He cursed, fluently, as both feet broke through the icy glaze and his ankles received a new coating of snow. He struggled out and stumbled on, his breath leaving his mouth in long, undulating masses of steam. He reached the cross street. Here the snow was more packed, and there were ashes and sawdust scattered over it at intervals. He breathed more easily, and his short steps quickened. He was nearing home. There it was. That small, red house on the corner lot. It had been his home since he had married. And it wasn't so bad, even if it did look a bit too much like all the other houses on the block. He walked up the steps and inserted a key. Evelyn would not be back till tomorrow, and it was the maid's day off. He turned the key, and entered, stamping his feet, and remembering that he hadn't stopped to wipe them on the mat outside.

He was startled to see his wife at the far end of the room by the fireplace. She had on a dress of black velvet, and her face and breast and arms were sharply pale against the black. Byron was struck by the unnatural beauty of her pose, and a thought flashed through his mind—she'd make a good actress.

"Why dear, what's the matter? I thought you were——"

"Oh, Byron!" She displayed a trembling lower lip. "Oh, Byron! I'm in such a mess. I don't know how I can begin to tell you. I'm so ashamed of myself. How can you ever forgive me? I'm a little fool. That's what I am, a little fool."

She was taller than Byron and well-formed. As she swept across the floor she maintained a steady flow of self-recrimination. Byron soothed her and led her through the bric-a-brac, to the long, angular settee, which formed part of the ultra-modern furnishings of the room.

"Now, dear, tell me. Is there anything wrong? Has anything——?"

She sobbed and sighed, and finally sobbed out the story.

"Oh, Byron, it was that terrible Van Hogarth woman. I just couldn't bear the way she behaved at the Griegs' cocktail party. With her 'oh dearie, my husband does tell me . . . ' and 'do you know, Arizona Smelter has gone up three and one-half? My hubbie made a couple of hundred, just like that. Easy, wasn't it? And . . . ' Oh, she got me sick? And she got the rest of us sick, too. When Clarice, (you know, Donald's ex), got a few of us together and suggested a pool on a little mine she'd heard about—why we just formed a syndicate right then and there. It was a gold mine in Wyoming——"

"In Wyoming?"

"Eh—yes, in—southern Wyoming she said, and I, like a fool, was just sore enough to put up my share——"

"How much was it?"

"Five hundred dollars. Oh, I know, I didn't have the money. That's why I'm stuck now. Oh, I don't know what to do; Byron, I've been worried to death, and I was so afraid to tell you. You see I . . ."

She began to sob again, and Byron felt a fear at the thought of her crying. He was rather fastidious. But she managed to hold back the tears, and continued to talk; alternately angry and fearful.

She had borrowed the money and given a sixty-day note upon the amount. The gold mine had proven barren, and the note was to fall due in a week. She had no money to meet it, and had that day gone to a friend, one of the group who had lost by the venture, to try and borrow the necessary sum. The friend had proved as barren as the gold mine.

"Oh, dear Byron, I *am* such a fool," she sobbed, her face burried in his shoulder. He felt a great weariness, and there was a little pain in his temple that throbbed steadily, rhythmically, in time with her sobbing. He tried hard to believe that there *had* been a gold mine, and a gamble; that there *could* have been a gold mine. But the more he tried to think the more certain he was that his wife had too much common sense to be taken in by such an absurd deal. He tried not to think anymore. He asked her again:

"How much was it, Evelyn?"

She stopped sobbing to murmur:

"Five hundred dollars."

He gently withdrew himself from her loose, sobbing body. He took from his wallet a sheaf of bills, and started counting them out.

"One hundred, two, three, four, five hundred. There you are, my dear. Now you don't have to cry any more. Come, be cheerful; let's have a smile now. That's it; of course you couldn't help it. All of us learn by experience. Just promise that you won't get caught in such a fool move again."

Her tears stopped, almost at will, and she flung herself on his neck, her arms tight around him and a flood of thanks on her lips. Byron caught a little of the old pleasure at her caress, but he was thinking—she must be a good actress. Yes, her talents are wasted here. She could succeed on the stage, if she weren't so cold. And she does it so unconsciously. I wonder if she's ever true, even to herself. He whispered:

"Dearest, it's been lonesome here, with you going away so often. Couldn't you let your friends get along without you for a few weeks? We'd get to know each other again, please——"

She looked distressed, "Oh, Byron, not just now. I've promised the Cranes to be at their house-warming in Vermont, and I just can't disappoint them. Next week, dear——"

He nodded wearily, and looked at the wall.

"Yes, of course, next week."

Sorrow In Summer

By Sophie Stechbardt

I CAN remember the barn that stood on the hill overlooking the sloping field of alfalfa. It was a small, homely barn, and, like all others, painted a brick red.

I especially remember it, as it looked in the late afternoon, with the setting sun reflected in its small windows. It looked very beautiful then.

I knew of a family of sparrows, that housed themselves under its eaves.

I used to hide in this barn. It always reminded me of a mother, who held out her arms to draw me in and hold me tightly and protectingly. At times I felt at outs with the whole world about me, and then I'd sneak off and run into the comforting arms of the barn. I used to throw myself down on the hay, and sob out all my troubles and longings, and then I would just lie back and dream of all the wonderful things that were awaiting me in life. As I was thus dreaming, the sun would glide across the hay loft. In this slant of light danced millions of particles of dust. I'd half close my eyes and watch them. They seemed like people rushing on and on towards something. I could never figure out just what.

One day, as I was lying there, a scurrying broke my reverie. Up the rickety stairs came our cat hurriedly chasing a mouse. Round and round they raced. The cat finally cornered it, and played with the frightened little thing. I edged over to the corner to see if I could save it. I knew if I moved too suddenly the cat would be swifter than I. I stood above them now. The sun fell on them, as they sat looking up at me, the cat ready to pounce, and the little mouse, helpless and expectant. Its little grey ears were folded back on its head, and two large, black eyes looked sorrowfully up at me. The three of us stood there a moment in full understanding, not a sound was uttered, but our eyes spoke volumes. I stepped forward, a terrified squeak followed, and the cat was on the mouse in a flash. My heart stopped within me. I had failed, and in my mind forever are burned those two pitifully, soft eyes.

When I left the barn, the sun had set. I looked back at it. It towered over me, black and bare, and behind me trotted the cat.

HEADS IN THE SKY

When Commencement is finally come
And that which was sought for is won,
Will the little girls weep and cry for their toys
And what will become of the dear little boys?

Strike up the band and set up a shout,
Class '36 of South Side is out.
With heads up and smiling they swing along by,
Feet on the earth, heads in the sky!

—E. L. F.

Reprieve

Oh, God! The joy to come
At length stumbling home!
After the frown, the curse,
The foreign hands, and worse,
The clang of iron on rock
And shriek of key and lock,
The fetters in the hell
Of thought-infested cell!
And after sentence done,
To be thrust into the sun,
The long-forgotten light
In blind and cringing plight!
They did not know, who sneered
As drunkenly I veered,
That earth and sky so vast
Were swords I shuddered past:
They did not know I saw
The horror of the Law
Haunting the world of the free;
And so they stared at me
Until I felt the brand
Betrayed upon my hand.
Yes. As they looked and scoffed
The garb but lately doffed
Still burned me to the bone.
But still I stood alone
Before mankind's derision
With the universe my prison,
I found by instinct there
The pathway to my lair,
The instinct of the brute
Bleeding, hunted, mute,
To join its mate: I found
My love, my hold ground.
Ah, God! The joy to come
At length, stumbling home!

—*Sorrel Franzos.*

Directory



MARCIA M. ABRAMS

261 Avon Avenue
*Ambition knows no bounds
in Marcia's case.*
Social Science Society 5, 6,
7; Sec. Social Science Society
8; Service Club 6; Debating
Club 7, 8; Sr. Optimist; Op-
timist 8; Business Club 8;
Patrol 5; Usher 6, 7.
General N. Y. U.



SAMUEL AMES

516 South 13th Street
*Sam came, and went—no
one knew the difference.*
Business Undecided

LENORE ACKERMAN

288 Hillside Avenue
*Doing one good deed a
day is "Lenny's" hobby.*
Optimist 6; Service Club 6;
Student Council 6, 7; Sec.
Mathematics Club 7, 8; Hon-
or Society 7; Patrol 8.
C. P. Duke



ELIZABETH AMOS

279 Belmont Avenue
*Elizabeth is quiet, yet she is
sociable.*
Vocations Club 8.
General Va. Union U.

SARA ALBAUM

328 Belmont Avenue
*Sara is the only one who
doesn't laugh at her own
jokes.*
Scholarship Com.
Secretarial Berkeley



RHODA APPEL

35 Vanderpool Street
*Whatever she lacks in height,
Rhoda makes up in brains.*
German Club 4; Vice-Pres.
German Club 5, 7; Pres. Ger-
man Club 8; Sec. German
Club 6; Social Science So-
ciety 5; Mathematics Club 5,
7; Pres. Mathematics Club
8; Optimist 5, 6, 7, 8.
General M. S. T. C.

NETTIE ALLEN

67 Whitman Street
*Although Nettie is little
known to us, we like her.*
General Undecided



DOROTHY ASHER

1 Renner Avenue
*"Dotty", better known to us
by her unique wit and hu-
mor, is one of our most
pleasing personalities.*
Basketball Team 4; Basket-
ball Letter 4; Archery Team
4; Archery Letter; Service
Club 7; French Club 6; Op-
timist 6, 7, 8; Social Science
Society 6; Service Club 7;
Patrol 8.
C. P. Rollins

SHIRLEY ALPERN

730 South 11th Street
*Studious, small, and good-
natured to all is our Shir-
ley.*
General N. J. C.



PHYLIS ASPDEN

142 Johnson Avenue
*"Phyl" is as quiet as a mouse,
but much, much nicer.*
Jr. Secretaries Club.
Secretarial Undecided

HELEN ATRASHEWSKI
28 Garibaldi Avenue

In quietness lies the secret of Helen's character

Secretarial Undecided



THOMASINA Y. BELL
340 Belmont Avenue

"Tommy" is warm-hearted and generous; therefore she is liked by all.

Debating Club 3, 8; Glee Club 3; Archery 5; Social Welfare League 3; Patrol 4; Fencing 7; French Club 8; Debating Team 8.

C. P. N. Y. U.

LEONARD AUERBACH
127 Waverly Avenue

Leonard is small in physique but not in brains.

Stamp Club 2.
C. P. Rutgers



BESSIE BIARSKY
201 Milford Avenue

Although she is inclined to be reserved in her manner, "Bess" has a very pleasant disposition.

Service Club 5, 6; Patrol 6.
General Coleman

HILDA BAUM
187 Ridgewood Avenue

A cheery smile; a bright hello—that's Hilda.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 8; Vocations Club 7.
Secretarial Undecided



LEONARD L. BIERMAN
27 Johnson Avenue

"Lenny" has made himself popular by his conquest of the fair sex.

C. P. Michigan

MARY BEDROCK
56 Hawthorne Avenue

We hope Mary will always laugh gaily for us.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 8.
Secretarial Undecided



MARGARET M. BOAN
43 Elizabeth Avenue

The middle "M" is for merry.

Patrol 6.
General Drake

BERTHA BEIL
46 Tichenor Street

"Bert" possesses a full measure of affection and personality.

International Club 8; French Club 6.
C. P. M. S. T. C.



GERALD BORKAN
197 Johnson Avenue

Gerald goes his way and bothers none.

Chess and Checker Club 8; Table Tennis 8; Science Club 8.
General Penn State

NATHAN H. BOYDMAN
116 Hawthorne Avenue

"Nat" is a brisk, tall and grand fellow.

Football 4; Track 5, 6; Dramatic Club 8.
General Carnegie Tech.

HELEN BRIEFER
201 Milford Avenue

As a vivacious friend, Helen has been admired by many.

May Day Fete; Patrol 4, 5, 6; Service Club 6, 7; Senator 8; Sr. Nominating Com.; Sr. Photography Com.; Sr. Optimist.
General Pratt Institute

BERTRAM BRISTOL
845 Clinton Avenue

"Bert's" hobby is intelligence!

Fencing 6; Manager of Fencing Team 7, 8; Chess and Checker Club 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Senate 7; Chess Team 6, 7, 8; Chess Emblem 7, 8; Science Club 5, 6; Social Service Com. 7.
C. P. Newark U.

IDA A. BROWN
755 South 17th Street

Ida is one of those quiet, demure, and sweet personalities.

Patrol 5.
General Lincoln Hospital

GERTRUDE BRONSTEIN
178 Hawthorne Avenue

If "Gert's" not here, she's coming soon—tardy again.

Secretarial Undecided



EUGENIA BRZEZINSKA
109 Peshine Avenue

A quiet nature and a steadfast friend is "Jeanie"

Service Club 7, 8; Jr. Secretaries Club 7, 8; Glee Club 8.
Secretarial Undecided



MYRTLE V. BUSSIERE
16 Earl Street

To appreciate "Myrt" is to know the depth of her personality.

Activities Com. 6, 7, 8; Optimist 4, 5, 6; Chairman of Optimist 7; Sr. Optimist; Senator 7, 8; Sec. Jr. Secretaries Club 7; Jr. Secretaries Club 8; Honor Society 7.
Secretarial Drake



CAROLINE CAMPBELL
666 Hunterdon Street

Cares Caroline dispels because she has none.

Service Club 5, 7, 8; Glee Club 7, 8; Jr. Secretaries Club 7, 8.
Secretarial Undecided



MURIEL CAMPBELL
260 Chadwick Avenue

Muriel is another of our quiet and friendly personalities.

Glee Club 6.
General Undecided



CLARICE CAPLAN
(3½ yr. student)

83 Johnson Avenue
Clarice is a perfect combination of all that is beautiful, clever and true.

alities.
French Club 5; Hockey 6; Debating Club 6, 7, 8; Debating Team 7, 8; Optimist 6, 7, 8; Dramatic Club 8; Pres. Latin Club 8.
C. P. N. Y. U.

ALICE CARR

837 Hunterdon Street

We've come to know Alice as the blonder of the twins.

Swimming 5.

Secretarial Undecided



MILTON J. CHINICH

95 Treacy Avenue

"Milt's" success is in being square.

Table Tennis 3, 4, 5, 6, 7;
Captain Tennis Team 8; Pa-
trol 5; Chess and Checker
Club 6; Tennis Team 6.

C. P. Pittsburgh U.



VIOLET CARR

837 Hunterdon Street

We all respect Violet because of her loyalty and reserve.

Secretarial Undecided



HARRIET CITRON

711 South 14th Street

Through Harriet's proficiency her fortune will come—our typing champ.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7, 8;
Patrol 8.

Secretarial Undecided



HERBERT CASE

64 Dayton Street

The "Big League" is "Herby's" aim.

General Princeton



BELLA COHEN

514 Hunterdon Street

Bella's dancing ability has made us believe that her charming grace will be her success.

Secretarial Undecided



ALMA CAVANAUGH

36 Nye Avenue

With never a worry and never a care, "Irish" has gone through South Side.

Patrol 7.

Secretarial Coleman



RUTH COLEMAN

251 Avon Avenue

To know Ruth's business-like manner is to appreciate her.

Secretarial Rider



EUGENE CHARMOY

109 Johnson Avenue

"Gene" is a new friend among us.

Patrol 7, 8.

General Michigan



CHARLES COLES

20 13th Avenue

Charles is quiet and reserved, yet one of our best athletes

Football 7.

C. P. Undecided



JAY CONNELLY

805 High Street

Jay is now waking up to the realization that time is slipping by.

General Undecided



AUDREY DANUFSKY

60 Baldwin Avenue

A friend like Audrey is to be sought after.

Art Club 8.
General Beaver

PAULA CONVISSOR

(3½ yr. student)

92 Shepherd Avenue

"Pesh's" thoughts and conduct are her own.

Debating Club 3, 4, 5, 6; Sec. Debating Club 8; Debating Team 5, 6, 8; Debating Medal 5; Youth Week Celebration 3; Archery 4; Patrol 3, 5; Dramatic Club 5, 6, 8; Sr. Optimist.

General Savage



SARAH R. DECTOR

72 Hillside Place

Sarah's sincerity and intelligence are her finest qualities.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7, 8;
Glee Club 7, 8.
Secretarial Berkeley
C. P. Undecided

LORETTA D. COWAN

337 Johnson Avenue

We wonder what "Etta" does with her spare time.

Secretarial Undecided



MARY DE LAZARO

267 Sherman Avenue

With that mischief in her dancing eyes, Mary should go places.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, Patrol 7.
Secretarial Undecided

RUTH E. CRAMER

466 Avon Avenue

With her quiet, modest disposition Ruth has become better known to us.

Business Undecided



RITA DENENBERG

210 Hillside Avenue

Rita's many activities have brought her to the top.

Honor Society 6; Sec. Honor Society 5; Sec. French Club 6; Pres. French Club 7, 8; Debating Club 7, 8; Debating Team 8; Service Club 5, 6, 8; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Honor Roll Medal 5; International Club 3, 4, 6.
C. P. Undecided

MARY DAILEY

114 Johnson Avenue

Mary's beauty is not only skin deep.

General M. S. T. C.



ETHEL E. DIENER

(3½ yr. student)

814 South 19th Street

Ethel is a gentle lass crowned with sweetness.

Fencing 3, 6; Patrol 4, 8; Photography Club 5; Sec. Camera Club 8; Mathematics Club 5.
General Parsons

ROBERT F. EGAN

174 Peshine Avenue

Robert has good abilities, a genial temper, and no vices.

General Undecided

**MORRIS EPSTEIN**

194 Hawthorne Avenue

Tall, dark and . . . good-looking.

General Cornell

HYMAN EISENBERG

298 18th Avenue

"Hy" is a great scholar with an unknown fate.

Stamp Club 6, 8; Chess and Checker Club 8; Patrol 8.

General Undecided

**RUTH A. ESSEX**

820 South 14th Street

Ruth is rather quiet and serious, but a swell girl and bound to get along.

Fencing 3; Glee Club 6, 8; Hockey 6; Library Staff 6, 8. General Miss Beard's Sch.

HERMAN ELFENBEIN

71 Quitman Street

For his good-naturedness, he is liked by many.

C. P. Undecided

**MORTON ESTRIN**

201 Milford Avenue

"Mort," our swimming champ, is always going to be in the swim and winning.

Senator 3; Block "S" 3, 5, 7; City Swimming Champion 4, 6; State Champion 6; Captain Swimming Team 7; Rosalynde 6; Usher 6, 7; Pres. G. O. 8.

General Rutgers

ARLYNE ENGLEMAN

103 Treacy Avenue

Arlyne is the sort of a girl we'd all like to meet

Photography Club 6; Patrol 6, 7; International Club 6; Sr. Social Com. Sr. Optimist. General Syracuse

**DOROTHY EVERS**

712 South 15th Street

The height of femininity is exemplified in "Dot."

General Undecided

BETTY EPSTEIN

309 Peshine Avenue

Betty's sweet smile will always linger.

General Pratt Institute

**FLORENCE FABRICANT**

789 Jelliff Avenue

When "Flo" has something to say, she says it.

Jr. Secretaries Club 7. Secretarial Undecided

MEYER M. FAND

44 Avon Place

*Meyer is a true gentleman
and looks the part.*

Gymnastics 8.

General

Panzer



**LAWRENCE
FITZPATRICK**

71 Milford Avenue

*"Larry" believes in the old
adage, "Better late than
never."*

Secretarial

Pace

DOROTHY G. FEIN

419 Belmont Avenue

*'Dot's' nature is one which
sees the best side of every-
one.*

French Club 6.

C. P.

M. S. T. C.



MARY FORLAND

833 South 14th Street

*Mary's individuality cannot
be copied.*

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7.

Secretarial

Dana

EVELYN FEINBERG

16 Vanderpool Street

*"Bobby" is one who believes
"He who strives, arrives."*

Photography Club 5; Jr. Soc-
retaries Club 6, 8; Glee Club
7; Debating Club 7, 8; Social
Science Society 8; Interna-
tional Club 8.

Secretarial

Columbia



MARION FRANZBLAU

55 Homestead Park

*When Marion's not arguing,
she's helping someone else
argue.*

Optimist 5, 6, 7, 8; Activi-
ties Com. 6, 7; Jr. Secretaries
Club 7; Sec. Jr. Secretaries
Club 8; Sr. Social Com.

Secretarial

Undecided

HAZEL FEINSILVER

44 Shepard Avenue

*"Haze," recently of Boston,
has rapidly gained popu-
larity.*

Debating Club 6, 7, 8; French
Club 6, 7, 8; Athletic Com.
6; Sr. Optimist.

C. P. Pratt Institute of Art



SORREL FRANZOS

(3½ yr. student)

212 Ridgewood Avenue

*Being an athlete, musician,
and poet are accomplish-
ments of which Sorrel can
be proud.*

Orchestra, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8;
Hockey 2, 4, 6; Fencing 3,
5, 6; Optimist 4; Social Sci-
ence Society; Band 8; Sr.
Optimist.

General

Damrosch
School of Music

GLADYS FERGUSON

273 Hillside Avenue

*Gladys conceals much of her
ability and is a true friend*

Secretarial

Undecided



JOHN FREDERICKS

478 Belmont Avenue

*A quiet fellow, but John is
known to all.*

Business

N. Y. U.

FLORENCE FRIEDMAN
123 Hansbury Avenue
"Flo" is one of our smaller members who has been doing big things.
Glee Club 2, 6, 8; Patrol 5, 6; Hockey 5; Dramatic Club 5, 6; French Club 6; Sec. French Club 7, 8; Student Council 7; Sec. Dramatic Club 8; Debating Team 8; Debating Club 8; Senator 8; Sr. Optimist.
General N. J. C.



ELEANOR GOEHRING
33 Murray Street
We've never heard Eleanor say a word.
Secretarial Whitman's Sch.

SIDNEY J. FRUCHTER
450 Belmont Avenue
"Sid's" not here nor there, but still everywhere.
Band 5, 6, 7, 8; South Side Night 7; Fencing 7, 8.
General Undecided



DAVID GOLDFARB
264 Goldsmith Avenue
Besides being a whiz at sports, Dave has a mind of his own in all matters.
Swimming Team 3, 5, 8; Football 4, 6, 8; Baseball Team 5, 8; Block "S" 7; Photography Com.
General Oak Ridge Military Institute

SYLVIA GARFINKEL
105 Johnson Avenue
"Syl" is witty, bright, and forever free.
Social Welfare 2; Patrol 2, 4, 5; Glee Club 4; Service Club 7; Sr. Optimist.
General Cedar Crest



FLORENCE GOLDFINGER
85 Johnson Avenue
We know Florence to be quite an unassuming maid.
Band 6, 7, 8; Orchestra 6, 8; Science Club 8.
C. P. Undecided

ISRAEL GELLER
468 Jelliff Avenue
Israel is a mass of deliberative power.
Chess and Checker Club 6, 8; Photography Club 5; Patrol 7; Sec. Chess and Checker Club 7; Checker Team 6, 7; Capt. Checker Team 8; Scholarship Com.
C. P. U. of Palestine



SEYMOUR GOLDFINGER
85 Johnson Avenue
Seymour, one of our best musicians, can play almost any instrument
Band 6, 7, 8; Orchestra 6, 8; Science Club 8.
C. P. Undecided

SEYMOUR GERBER
157 Chadwick Avenue
"Sy" is intelligence plus popularity personified.
Optimist 5, 6; Realia Staff 3; Orcestra 7; Band 7; Pres. Sr. Class; Com. of Com. 8.
C. P. N. Y. U.



JOHN GOULD
283 Johnson Avenue
John is trying hard to demolish his barrier of solitude.
Chess and Checker Club 6, 8; Service Club 8; Cap and Gown Com.; Intra-mural Football 5, 7; Intra-mural Track 6.
General E. C. J. C.

LOUIS GRABELSKY
141 Lincoln Avenue

"Lou" has overcome many obstacles and is on the road to success.

C. P. N. Y. U.



IRENE GRIGGS
843 Hunterdon Street

Irene is one of those who proves that the biggest horn does not make the most noise.

Secretarial Drake

HARRY GREEN
(3½ yr. student)

208 Spruce Street

Harry's intelligence will lead to great heights.

General M. S. T. C.



ROSE GROCH
645 Bergen Street

Rose's guiding principles are achievement and diligence.
Patrol 6, 7; Senator 6, 7, 8; Optimist 6, 7, 8; Pres. Jr. Secretaries Club 6; Jr. Secretaries Club 7; Vice-Pres. Jr. Secretaries Club 8; Honor Society 7; Scholarship Com.

Secretarial Undecided

MORTON J. GREEN
33 Ridgewood Avenue

"Morty" is one of our inimitable personalities whose originality should carry him a long way.

Dramatic Club 3, 4, 7; South Side Night 4, 6; Sec. Dramatic Club 5; Optimist 5, 6, 7; Pres. Dramatic Club 6; "Rosalynd" 6; Student Council 7, 8; Honor Society 7; Honor Roll Medal 8; Executive Com. 8; Vice-Pres. Sr. Class; Sr. Optimist; Assembly Part. 6, 7, 8; Community Chest Program 5; Publicity Committee 6.

C. P. U. of Wisconsin



ROSE GROSS
10 Seymour Avenue

Rose's work is characterized by perseverance and determination to get something out of life.

Math. Club 6, 8; Science Club 8; Optimist 8.

General Y Secretarial

VIOLET A. GREENE
33 Fairview Avenue

Violet has a will of her own which cannot be suppressed.

General Undecided



MARTHA B. GROSSMAN
495 South 13th Street

If nothing else, "Marty" has developed a sense of humor.
Senator 4, 6; Activities Com 6.

Secretarial Undecided

ADOLPH GREENSPAN
145 W. Kinney Street

"Greenie" has found it is best to be unobtrusive.

General Undecided



JOSEPHINE GURRERA
163 Watson Avenue

"Jo," always searching for something startling, must be deserving of her popularity.

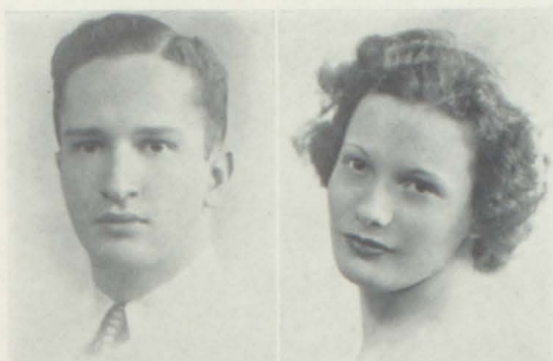
Optimist 6, 7, 8; Senator 7; Jr. Secretaries Club 7, 8; Com. of Com. 8; Sec. Sr. Class; Sr. Optimist.

Secretarial Undecided

LEONARD HABER
210 Prince Street

Although Leonard is not very forward, he is conscientious and efficient.

Stamp Club 8; Senator 8;
Activities Com. 8.
C. P. Undecided



EDITH HOFFMAN
34 Goodwin Avenue

"Kay"—and her art are seldom separated.

Optimist 8; Sr. Social Com.
General Art School



MYRLE E. HANTMAN
82 Rose Terrace

Myrle's smile made her our friend; her personality held us as friends.

General Whitman's Sch.



WILLIAM HOFFMAN
21 Edwin Place

"Bill" goes on without a thought for the cares of the world.

General Undecided



MILDRED C. HAYES
561 Clinton Avenue

"Milly's" likeable nature moves us to forecast a bright and happy future.

Swimming 6; Archery 6.
Secretarial Undecided



JOHN HOLLAND
423 Belmont Avenue

John is one of those—quiet in class but—out of class!

Business U. of So. Cal.



CELIA HEYMAN
71 Goodwin Avenue

You can depend on "Cele," and that's all that's necessary.

Sec. G. O. Finance Com. 6,
7; Chairman G. O. Finance
Com. 8; Sec. Business Club
Secretarial.

Undecided



BENJAMIN HOLSTEIN
153 Montgomery Avenue
With the graduation of "Benjy" South Side is losing one of its best humorists.

Dramatic Club 3, 7; Vice-Pres. Dramatic Club 6, 8; Optimist 4, 6, 7; "Rosalyn" Debating Team 6, 7, 8; Sr. Optimist; Social Science Society 6; Vice-Pres. Debating Club 6; Chairman Athletic Committee 5; Chairman Publicity Committee 6; Debating Medal; Usher 7; Social Committee 8.

C. P. U. of Wisconsin



CARL HIRSCHORN
108 Peshine Avenue

Carl is a hard worker who is deserving of success.

Intramural Football 5, 7.
General Indiana



FRANK IGNACUINOS
629 Belmont Avenue

"Iggy" has an intricate brain with ever multiplying cells.

Optimist 5, 6, 7, 8; Patrol 6; Track 6; Stamp Club 7; Student Council 7, 8; Service Club 8.

General Seton Hall



EVELYN JEFFREY
22 Poiner Street

Man has his will, but "Ev" has her way.

Secretarial Undecided



RUTH KATZ
324 Peshine Avenue

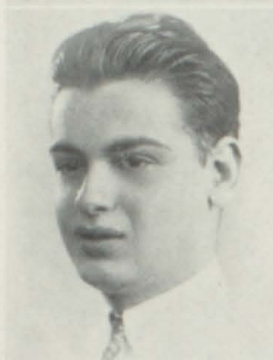
Ruth wears beautiful clothes to compliment her "crowning glory"

Senator 8.
Secretarial Pratt

MILFORD JEITELES
313 Johnson Avenue

Modesty is Milford's middle name, therefore he conceals his true worth.

Patrol 3; Photography Club 3; Senator 5; Intramural Football 5; Service Staff 8.
General Undecided



MURIEL A. KENNY
83 Farley Avenue

Muriel is conservative and quiet in her manner.

Secretarial Katherine Gibbs

CLAIRE KALB
91 Johnson Avenue

Claire proves that good things come in small packages.

General Dana



JOHN KEOGH
112 South 10th Street

John says very little, yet he does a great deal.

Library Staff 8.
C. P. Holy Cross

FLORENCE KARASIK
400 Peshine Avenue

"Flo," our red head, is slow and steady.

Secretarial Whitman's Sch.



SHIRLEY KIRSCH
670 Clinton Avenue

Shirley's manner is generous, open and sincere.

Jr. Secretaries Club 7, 8; Social Com.
Secretarial Drake

MAX M. KARLMAN
303 Fabyan Place

"Maxie" is making an attempt to replace physical prowess with mental.

Football 5, 7; Service Club 8; Athletic Com. 8; Wrestling 4, 6; Usher 7.
General Iowa State



HARRY KIVOWITZ
473 Belmont Avenue

Harry—an inflexible idealist—believes strongly in truth.

Craftsman Club 4, 5, 6; Vice-Pres. Craftsman Club 7; Chess and Checker Club 6.
C. P. U. of Carolina

LILLIE KLUGERMAN

330 Chadwick Avenue

"Lil" has all the qualities of a lady.

Secretarial

Syracuse

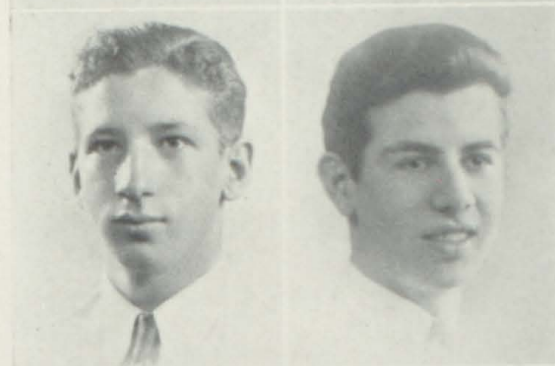
**ROBERT KNOCKEL**

24 Miller Street

Wherever Robert goes, many follow his quiet way.

Business

Fordham

**HARRY KOTTLER**

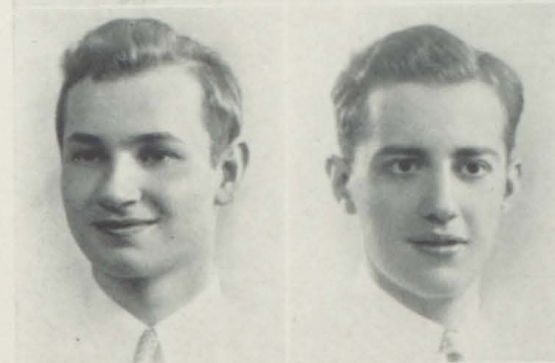
588 Bergen Street

Harry is exceedingly ambitious.

Photography Club 3; Science Club 5; Social Science Society 7, 8; Sr. Nominating Com.; Chess and Checker Club 6.

C. P.

John Hopkins

**HYMAN F. KRAEMER**

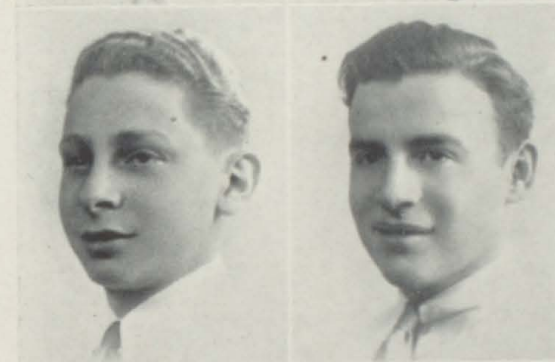
64 Morton Street

If Hyman were taller, his looks would land him in the movies.

Wrestling 6; Intra-mural Track Champion 6.

C. P.

Newark U.

**ROBERT S. KRIEGER**

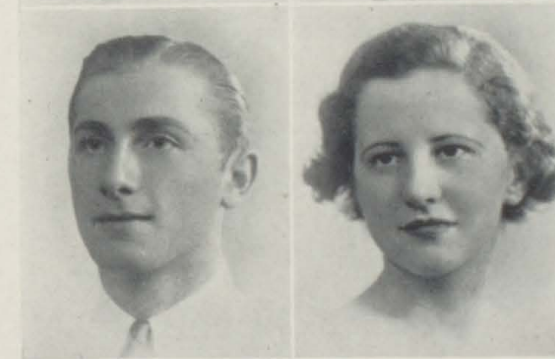
73 Osborne Terrace

"Bobby" has won many friends with his constant jollity.

Basketball 4, 6, 8; Band 4, 5, 6, 7; All City Band 4, 6; Sr. Social Com.; Intra-mural Football 4, 6.

General

Franklin and Marshall

**LOUIS KRIEGSFELD**

205 Prince Street

*"Lew" is a cheerful fellow with a big heart.*Chess and Checker Club 6, 7.
Secretarial N. Y. U.**SEYMOUR KRUEGER**

314 Hillside Avenue

Smiles are dominant in one so popular as Seymour.

Optimist 5, 6, 7, 8; Senator 4, 6; Student Council 6; Associate Justice Student Council 7; Honor Society 7; Pres. Honor Society 8; Photography Com.; Assembly Part. 7, 8; Business Manager Optimist 7, 8; Business Manager Senior Optimist 8.

C. P.

M. S. T. C.

STANLEY LANZ

109 Hillside Avenue

A good sport with friends galore—that's "Stan."

Senator 7.

General Franklin and Marshall

WILLIAM LEITER

62 Baldwin Avenue

"Bill" is courteous to the superlative degree.

Senator 3; Athletic Com. 3; Lunch Room Patrol 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Table Tennis Team 3; Captain Table Tennis Champ 5, 7; Table Tennis Letter 6; Intra-mural Football 3, 5, 7; Intra-mural Track 4, 6.

C. P.

Harvard

ELSIE LEMKE

12 Marie Place

Elsie has just enough brains and beauty to make her charming.

Swimming 6; Archery 6.

Secretarial

Undecided

FRIEDA LERMAN

786 Ridgewood Avenue

Frieda's activities and interests are mostly outside of school.

Secretarial

Undecided

**AUDREY LOWY**

67 Farley Avenue

Audrey is as sweet as her dimples are deep.

Secretarial

Dana

MONROE LERNER

498 Belmont Avenue

Monroe made his fame by brilliant chess playing.

Checker Club 3, 8; German Club 5; Debating Club 5, 6; Sec. of the Chess and Checker Club 6; Social Science Society 6; Pres. of the Stamp Club 3; Chess and Chess and Checker Club 7; Patrol 7.

C. P.

M. S. T. C.

**PHYLLIS B. MALARKEY**

687 Hunterdon Street

Erin shines from "Phyl's" eyes.

Swimming 6; Archery 6.

Secretarial

Undecided

ABE LEVINE

118 Spruce Street

Abe holds mischief in one hand, and friendship in the other.

C. P.

Undecided

**PHILIP MALAMUD**

749 South 12th Street

We feel sure that "Phil" will climb the ladder to success.

Business

Temple U.

SOL LEVITT

121 Lyons Avenue

Sol plans a career with stubborn determination.

Intra-mural Football 5, 7; Debating Club 8; Patrol 5.

C. P.

Temple U.

**SAMUEL MALORATSKY**

79 Broome Street

Sincerity, Sam's guide, rules him with force.

Craftsman Club 3, 4; Photography Club 3; Safety Squad 3; Social Science Society 7, 8; Science Club 8; Patrol 7.

C. P.

U. of Mich.

THEODORE LOEW

10 Miller Street

"Ted's" winning personality has gained him many friends.

General

Syracuse

**ESTHER MANDELBAUM**

207 Hillside Avenue

Underneath Esther's modest smile is a clear understanding.

Patrol 6, 8; Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7, 8; Chess and Checker Club 8.

Secretarial

N. Y. U.

CECILE MANDELSTEIN
19 Fessenden Place

Real popularity such as "Cele's," must be deserved.

Patrol 4; Optimist Agent 5, 6; Service Club 7, 8; Optimist 7, 8; Treas. Sr. Class; Sr. Optimist.
General Newark Normal

SONIA B. MARGULIS
191 Hillside Avenue

Sonia is seen, but seldom heard.

Secretarial Undecided

WILLIAM MARIAS
270 Seymour Avenue

William forges ahead with steady, unfaltering steps.

Social Science Society 8; Science Club 8; Tennis Team 8; Intra-mural Football 5, 7. General Temple U.

ISADORE MARKOWITZ
171 Ridgewood Avenue

There's literature in the Optimist, and Isadore's the author.

Gym Team 5, 6, 7, 8; Scribblers' Club 6, 7; Vice Pres. 8; Optimist 7; Chairman Optimist Lit. Board 8; Scholarship Com. 8.
C. P. N. Y. U.

ROSALYN MASS
167 Charlton Street

In solitude, "Roddy" dreams of things to come.

Patrol 5, 8; French Club 6; International Club 5. General N. Y. U.

JUANITA McMILLAN
9 Somerset Street

Juanita's brilliant mind will carry her far.

Debating Club 8; French Club 8; Science Club 8. General Columbia

RUTH A. MEELHEIM
435 Badger Avenue

Ruth is one of the living examples of perpetual motion.

Glee Club 6, 7, 8; Optimist 6, 7; Activities Com. 6; Jr. Secretaries Club 6; Honor Society 6; Sec. Activities Com. 7, 8; Patrol 8; Sr. Optimist 8; Sr. Nominating Com. 8.
Secretarial Undecided

MIRIAM A. MINER
469 Elizabeth Avenue

Miriam's not too quiet, not too gay.

Debating Club 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Dramatic Club 5, 6, 7; Debating Team 6, 7, 8; Service Club 8; French Club 7, 8; Patrol 4; Debating Medal 6. C. P. N. Y. U.

JAMES URBAN MOHR
770 South 12th Street

"Urby" favors wrestling—who knows he may be a wrestler someday.

Wrestling Medal 1, 3, 5; Wrestling Champion 3. C. P. Newark U.

RUTH F. MOORE
139 Watson Avenue

Ruth is content to be obscurely good.

Secretarial Undecided

EDWARD MORRIS

21 Earl Street

A fellow like Edward is always a great deal of fun.

Business Undecided



PAUL NEUDECK

147 Pennsylvania Avenue

Had Paul an earlier start in writing poetry, we might have had another poet in our midst.

General Undecided

THELMA M. MOSS

62 Barclay Street

Thelma is full of fun, and ready for whatever may come.

Basketball 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3; Archery 3; Vocations Club 8; French Club 8.

General Wilberforce



JOAN NEWBERRY

931 South 19th Street

Joan has been anointed with all the assets that women long for.

Dramatic Club 5; "Rosalynde" 6; Pres. Dramatic Club 8.

Secretarial Northwestern U.

SARA NAGLER

16 Avon Place

Sara is known to us all by her quiet and pleasing manners.

International Club 3; French Club 6.

C. P. M. S. T. C.



HELENE NIPPES

100 Ingraham Place

If we were as Helene, trouble would stay away.

General Miss Beard's Sch.

HELEN NAGY

310 Runyon Street

Helen's merry smile brightens all gloom.

General Undecided



MARIE A. OGDEN

192 Hawthorne Avenue

Satan dances in Marie's eyes.
Swimming 6; Archery 6.

Secretarial Undecided

SEYMOUR B. NEDICK

96 Watson Avenue

Seymour's activity has been subdued by excessive labor.
Intra-mural Track 6; All City Band 6; Cap and Gown Com. 7; South Side Night 4, 6; Social Com. 8; Band 7, 8.

General Lincoln Air Sch.



FAYE G. OSTROW

310 Belmont Avenue

If work interferes with pleasure, Faye gives up work.

Secretarial Undecided

GEORGE PADDOCK
45 Chestnut Street

All work, no play, makes George a dull boy—he says.

Swimming 4, 5; Patrol 5;
Assembly Participation 5.
General Undecided



EUGENE PERLMAN
(3½ yr. student)
301 Hillside Avenue

Gene is easy to get along with, and interesting to talk to.

General N. Y. U.

MILDRED PALME
448 Jelliff Avenue

Mildred is one of our many blushing blondes.

Glee Club 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Patrol 6, 7, 8.
General Drake



LORRAINE PETTIT
137 Pennsylvania Avenue
The difficult road is Lorraine's path.

Patrol 7, 8; Service Club 7.
Newark Memorial Hospital
General

BARBARA PARSONNET
3 Madison Avenue

"Bobby's" popularity grew from her exuberant personality.

Scribblers Club 4, 6; Patrol 6; French Club 7; Art Club 3.
General Traphagen



SHIRLEY PIVNICK
(3½ yr. student)
70 Custer Avenue
Shirley's resolutions are built on a strong foundation.
Library Staff 3, 4, 5, 6, 8;
Optimist 5; Pres. of the Latin Club 6; Sec. of the Service Club 8; Latin Club 8; Honor Society 6; Orchestra 3, 4, 5.
C. P. N. Y. U.

ANNETTE H. PEARL
51 Schuyler Avenue

Refined are "Nettie's" manners, and quiet her ways.

Debating Club 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Social Welfare Club 3; Debating Metal 7; Sr. Optimist Assembly Participation 6, 7.
General Beth Israel



SYLVIA PLOTKIN
264 Clifton Avenue
Sylvia's friendly face and spirit banish all her cares.
Art Club 6, 7.
Secretarial N. Y. U.

NATHAN PECK
55 Milford Avenue

"Nate" is our silent Adonis.

General Undecided



ANNA POLONSKY
295 Hillside Avenue
Anna's capability will be a great advantage to her.
Patrol 3, 6, 8; French Club 6, 7; International Club 6; Service Club 6, 7, 8; Usher 6, 7.
C. P. Beth Israel

MORTON POLSTER

406 Broadway

*As a scholar, Mort's clever,
and he'll always remain so.*

Chess and Checker Club 6,
7, 8; Chess Team 6, 7, 8; In-
tramural Football 6.

C. P.

M. I. T.



MILTON PREBUT

76 Monmouth Street

*Never a truer friend than
"Milt" can be found.*

Patrol 7.
General

Newark U.

MARIAN PORTER

85 Frelinghysen Avenue

*Virtue is Marian's greatest
asset.*

General

M. S. T. C.



GLORIA D. PRESS

(3½ yr. student)

33 Custer Avenue

*To lose "Glo's" friendship
would be pathos.*

Hockey 4; Dramatic Club 3
8; Debating Club 3, 5, 8; Sec.
Debating Team 4, 5, 6, 8; Sec.
Debating Club 4; Relia Staff
3; Optimist 4, 5; Vice-Pres.
of the Debating Club 6; De-
bating Medal 5.

C. P.

M. S. T. C.

**SANDFORD
PORTUGUESE**

176 Sherman Avenue

*Sandford is the likeable chap
who never fails to bring
the Ledger to school.*

General

Undecided



WILLIAM RABINOWITZ

71 Stratford Place

*"Will" did nothing in partic-
ular, and did it well.*

Patrol 8.
General

Newark U.

JENNIE D. POSNER

202 Spruce Street

*When one keeps quiet as
Jennie does, there is little
we can say.*

Basketball 4; Glee Club 6,
7, 8; Patrol 8; Jr. Secretaries
Club 8.

Business

Undecided



CHARLES J. REGO

Jeffrey Place

*Charles is a good sport in
an active way.*

Football 7.
Business

Notre Dame

MARY PRAIL

357 Madison Avenue

*Her quiet disposition has won
for Mary many friends.*

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7, 8;
Sr. Optimist.

Secretarial

Undecided



HELEN REICHER

516 Belmont Avenue

*Helen's clever ways and easy
disposition make her every-
body's friend.*

Dramatic Club 6.
Secretarial

N. Y. U.

JESSIE RICHARDSON
277 Hillside Avenue

Jessie speaks only when spoken to.

Jr. Secretaries Club 7.
Secretarial Undecided



ROSE SABEL
428 South Belmont Avenue

A friendly friend with plenty of friends.

Patrol 6; Jr. Secretaries Club 7, 8; Chess and Checker Club 8.
Secretarial Columbia

RUTH C. ROEBLING
137 Sherman Avenue

That Ruth loves life, is evident by her smiling countenance.

Activities Com. 6, 7, 8; Jr. Secretaries Club 7, 8; Optimist 8; Com. of Com. 8.
Secretarial Undecided



CLIFFORD SAXTON
31 Avon Avenue

Clifford's nonchalant manner will make him a man of the world.

Patrol 5; Swimming Team 6.
General Albright

HARRIET ROSENBERG
158 Weequahic Avenue

Harriet will always be popular with her winning personality.

Patrol 2.
General Columbia



ROBERT SCANLON
1 Alpine Street

"Bob" will always have many friends.

Business U. of Mexico

WALTER ROSENFELD
103 Broome Street

We can forgive Walter his tardiness because of his pleasant disposition.

General Undecided



ISRAEL SCHANERMAN
934 Bergen Street

"Issie" and a haircomb do not agree but, all in all, he's swell.

Math. Club 3, 6, 7; French Club 6; Senator 7; Service Club 8; Student Council 8; Vice-Presi. of the Science Club 8; Manager Tennis Team 8; Sr. Scholarship Com. Cap and Gown Com. 7, 8.
C. P. M. I. T.

MURRAY ROSENTHAL
400 Belmont Avenue

Murray's genial nature appeals to everyone.

Patrol 4; Table Tennis 6, 8; Math. Club 6; Pres. of the Stamp Club 7; Student Council 7, 8; Track 8.
C. P. Rutgers



JACOB SCHMUCKLER
106 Watson Avenue

It's too bad that "Jack's" gollity doesn't win favor with the faculty.

Orchestra 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Band 3, 4, 7, 8; Patrol 3, 5; Intramural Football 3, 5, 7; Math. Club 6; Pres. Science Club 8; All State Orchestra 5; All County Orchestra 6, 8; "Whole Town's Talking"; "Rosalynd"; Realia Staff 4; South Side Nite 4, 6.
General Rockefeller Inst.

BERTHA SCHNEIDER

513 South 14th Street

There's a certain sweet simplicity about Bertha which accounts for her popularity.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6.
Secretarial Undecided



IRVING SCHULMAN

16 Belmont Terrace

"Bobby's" popularity will forever be his greatest asset.

Student Council 7.
General Newark Normal

LEONARD SCHNEIDER

852 South 16th Street

Leonard is a good sport, a good friend, and good all-around fellow.

Secretarial N. Y. U.



LOUIS SCHULMAN

406 Hunterdon Street

The little we hear of "Lou" is of the best.

General Undecided

EVE SCHNEIDERMAN

260 Belmont Avenue

Eve's jolly disposition and witty remarks keep everyone happy.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7; Patrol 7, 8; Glee Club 7, 8.
Secretarial N. Y. U.



BEATRICE SCHWARTZ

393 Belmont Avenue

"Bea" is one debater who uses debating technique

Patrol 5, 6; Debating Club 5, 6, 7, 8; Debating Team 6, 7, 8; Debating Medal 7; Pres. Debating Club 8; Service Club 6, 7; Sec. Athletic Com. 7; Chairman Athletic Com. 8; Optimist; Usher 5, 6, 7; Realia Staff 5; Assembly Part. 6, 8.
C. P. N. Y. U.

LEON H. SCHNUR

193 Milford Avenue

"Lee" is our aspiring psychologist who has started by diagnosing his classmates.

Science Club 5; Scribblers Club 6, 8; Sec. Scribblers Club 7; Optimist 6, 7, 8; Sr. Optimist; Latin Club 7, 8; Chess and Checker Club 6, 7; Usher 7; Vice-Pres. Social Science Society 8.
C. P. Yale



DOROTHY SCHWARTZ

497 Belmont Avenue

A heartier laugh than "Dot's" is yet to be found.

Senator 4; Patrol 8.
Business N. Y. U.

RUTH E. SCHRAM

738 Hunterdon Street

"Schramy" is ready in heart and hand.

Optimist 4; Archery 6; Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7, 8; Social Science Society 8; Patrol 8; Cap and Gown Com.
Secretarial N. Y. U.



ETHEL SCHWARTZ

(3½ yr. student)

772 South 10th Street

A mighty "mite" of a girl is our "Et".

Archery 5; Debating Club 5, 6, 8; French Club 6; Patrol 8.
General Whitman's Sch.

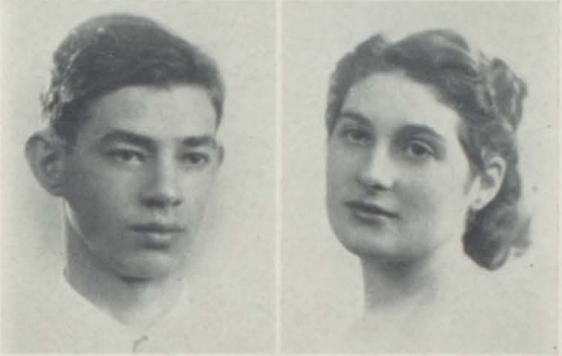
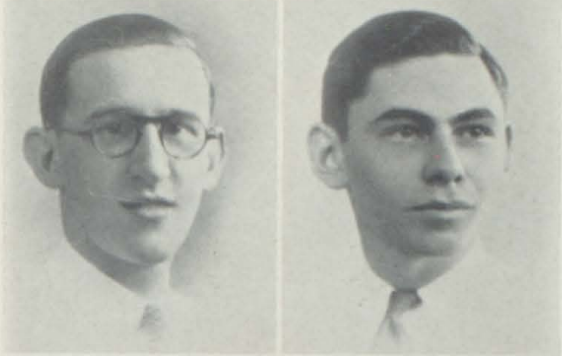
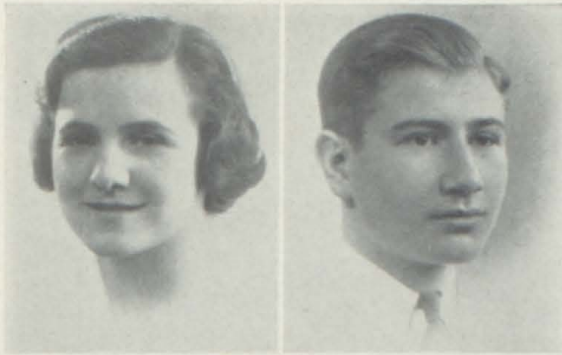
RUTH SCHWARTZBERG
 74 Shephard Avenue
Speaking swiftly, "Ruthie" reveals superior intellect.
 Realia Staff 3, 4, 5; Sec. Debating Club 7; Pres. Debating Club 6; Debating Team 4, 5, 6, 8; Capt. Debating Team 7; Debating Medal 5, 6; Honor Society 6; Honor Roll Medal 8; Community Chest Program 5; Assembly Part. 5, 6, 7, 8; Senator 6; Athletic Com. 6; Patrol 3, 4, 5, 7; Associate Justice Student Council 7; Associate Editor Optimist 6, 7; Editor in Chief Sr. Optimist; Dramatic Club 6, 7, 8; Sr. Nominating Com.
 C. P. U. of So. Cal.

PHILIP R. SEADER
 737-9 High Street
Simplicity of character is no hindrance of Philip's perseverance.
 Orchestra 8.
 General U. of So. Cal.

HARRY SEIBERT
 69 Barclay Street
A clever person like Harry is sure to go far.
 Chess and Checker Club 8; Patrol 8; Science Club 8.
 General E. C. J. C.

GOLDA SENZER
 104 Hillside Avenue
Golda is as clever as she is charming.
 Patrol 3, 4, 5, 6; Debating Club 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Service Club 5, 6, 7; Usher 5; Realia Staff 5; Debating Team 6, 7, 8; Head Usher 6, 7; Sec. G. O. 7; Honor Society 7; Debating Medal 7; Athletic Com. 8; Sr. Optimist Sr. Social Com.
 C. P. N. J. C.

BETTY SHELTERS
 98 Dayton Avenue
Simplicity is the secret of Betty's charm.
 Senator 2, 6; Hockey 2, 5, 7; Glee Club 4, 6, 7, 8; May Day Fete 4; Patrol 5, 6, 7.
 General Whitman's Sch.



SEYMOUR SHUFFMAN
 302 Peshine Avenue
Seymour's intelligence will help him get on in the world.
 C. P. Undecided

MARTIN SILVERSTEIN
 272 Peshine Avenue
Martin is a clever boy; he told us so himself.
 Secretarial U. of Alabama

MINNIE SILVERSTEIN
 156 Barclay Street
Minnie's personality is reflected in her pretty face.
 Secretarial Undecided

LEONA SIMON
 96 Rose Terrace
Buoyancy of spirit is one of Leona's traits.
 Social Science Society 5, 6, 7; Patrol 7; Usher 7; Com. on Com. 8; Debating Team 8; Debating Club 7, 8; Sec. Athletic Com. 8; Sec. Social Science Society 7.
 Secretarial Columbia

ANN SINGER
 18 Ridgewood Avenue
Ann's pleasant personality and friendly smile endear her to us.
 Patrol 7; Cap and Gown Com. 8; Jr. Secretaries Club 8.
 Secretarial N. Y. U.

IRENE SLAMAR

100 Ingraham Place

"Iggy's" keen sense of humor and ready wit are apparent.

Swimming 6; Archery 6; Jr. Secretaries Club 8.

Secretarial Undecided



SOPHIE STECHBARDT

330 Belmont Avenue

Unaided, Sophie has created meritorious literature.

German Club 5, 6; Library Staff 6, 7, 8; Optimist Staff 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Vice-Pres. German Club 8; Basketball Team 8; Sec. German Club 7; Scribbler Club 6, 7, 8; St. Optimist.

C. P.

N. J. C.

ANNE SOMMER

321 Belmont Avenue

Ann treats life like a bowl of cherries—just happy-go-lucky.

Jr. Secretaries Club 8; Dramatic Club 8; Sr. Optimist.

Secretarial Dana



ERNESTINE STEINFELD

29 Stratford Place

Make your good, better; and your better, best. Ernestine, always on the job, seems to be striving for some far goal.

Senator 5, 6; Optimist 6; Patrol 6; Editor-in-Chief Optimist 7, 8.

Secretarial

N. Y. U.

GEORGE SONNTAG

23 Emerson Place

George goes his happy way letting us realize his presence.

Business Manager of Play; Patrol 7; Business Manager Football 7; Business Club 8.

Business Notre Dame



ANNIE STEVELY

80 Chadwick Avenue

Wise, Annie looks on and says little.

Jr. Secretaries Club 7; Pres. Jr. Secretaries Club 8.

Secretarial Undecided

FRANCIS SOSIENSKI

146 Brunswick Street

Francis' contented nature has not molested many people.

C. P. Undecided



ERNEST STICKEL

84 Dayton Street

Ernest is just another of our quiet members.

Business Undecided

THEODORE P. SPECTOR

171 Nye Avenue

"Teddie" is a good, quiet fellow upon whom you can always rely.

Craftsman Club 3; Patrol 4; Gym Team 4, 7, 8; Vice-Pres. French Club 7.

C. P. Duke



IRVIN STOCK

328 Mulberry Street

Irvin's literary genius makes him a very interesting person.

Pres. Scribblers' Club 8; Sr. Optimist; Vice-Pres. Scribblers' Club 7.

C. P.

N. Y. U.

HAROLD SUFFEL

747 South 16th Street

Harold's style could be copied by "Esquire."

Business Newark U.

**SYLVIA TOPPER**

826 South 16th Street

*Sylvia is just a little girl who has accomplished a great deal.*International Club 6; Chess and Checker Club 8.
Secretarial Undecided**HARVEY TEICHER**

(3½-year student)

445 Clinton Avenue

Harvey is not always seen, but always heard.

Football Squad 4; Chess and Checker Club 5, 6; Dramatic Club 5; German Club 5; Debating Team 8; Social Science Society 8; Chairman Social Com.

General N. Y. U.

**WALTER TOWNLEY**

20 Astor Street

Walter seems to get a great kick out of life.

C. P. Dana

KITTY TENDLER

330 Belmont Avenue

Although she is quiet, Kitty's winning disposition has gained many friends for her.

Basketball 3, 4; International Club 4, 5; Social Service Com. 5; Vice-Pres. International Club 6; Service Club 6, 7; Usher 6, 7; School Betterment Com. 7.

C. P. M. S. T. C.

**TESSIE TWORISCHUK**

171 Hillside Avenue

Tessie's genial smile is familiar to most of us.

Optimist 5; German Club 5, 6; Glee Club 5.

General Newark Normal

MARJORIE TIMONEY

106 Chadwick Avenue

"Marj" is our silent, peace-loving maid.

Jr. Secretaries Club 7, 8.

Secretarial Undecided

**PETER VON NESSI**

446 Jelliff Avenue

"Pete" is just an all-around good fellow.

Patrol 5, 6; Debating Club 8.

Secretarial Undecided

MARTHA TOBIN

545 Belmont Avenue

"Marty's" leadership qualities have brought her renown in South Side.

Archery 4, 6; May Day Fete 4; Glee Club 5, 6, 7; Activities Com. 6; Chairman Activities Com. 7, 8; Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 8; Vice-Pres. Jr. Secretaries Club 7; Honor Society 7; Honor Roll Medal 7; Sec. Glee Club 8; Service Club 8.

Secretarial Undecided

**WALLACE WADDINGTON**

58 Parkhurst Street

"Wally", known to all, is an enemy of none.

St. Nominating Com.; Sr. Social Com. Senator 8.

General Cornell

AL WAGNER

112 Wainwright Street

Al's a handy good fellow.

General U. of Minn.



MORTON WERBEL

303 Meeker Avenue

Rare moments do exist when "Mort" is seen with a book in hand.

General U. of Alabama

DOROTHY WEIDKAM

854 South 19th Street

"Dotty's" another of our A No. 1 typists.

Optimist 6, 7; Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7, 8; Optimist Agent 8; Sr. Optimist.
Secretarial Undecided



CHRISTINE D. WIEGEL

67 Astor Street

"Gracie's" giggle is heard near and far.

General Drake

RUTH R. WEINBERG

289 Hunterdon Street

"Babe's" energetic personality will lead her to bigger and better things.

Sec. Camera Club 7; Camera Club 6, 8; Jr. Secretaries Club 6; Sr. Optimist; Sec. Sr. Social Com.; Dramatic Club 7, 8; Assembly Part. 7, 8; Fencing 6, 7; Business Club 8.
Secretarial

Beasley Dramatic Sch.



MAX WILLSKY

64 Stratford Place

Max's jovial nature, is well known to his classmates.

Safety Squad 5; Patrol 5; Track 8.
General N. Y. U.

MARTIN WEINGOLD

100 Monmouth Street

Martin's quiet and efficient work has made all appreciate his efforts.

C. P. Princeton



RALPH J. WINARD

376 Belmont Avenue

For his good naturedness, Ralph is liked by all.

Ass't Manager Football 3, 5; Ass't Manager Baseball 4; Camera Club 7; Chief Patrol 8.
C. P. Brown

JANET G. WEISS

37 Milford Avenue

Janet, one of our star debaters, has talked herself out of many a difficult situation.

Debating Team 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Capt. Debating Team 7; Debating Club 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Sec. Debating Club 4; Pres. Debating Club 5; Debating Medal 4, 6; Honor Society 7; Assembly Part. 3, 4, 5, 7; Service Club 6, 7, 8; Patrol 4, 8; Usher 5, 6, 7; Basketball 3; Optimist 6, 7; Sr. Optimist; Scholarship Com.
C. P. Smith



HAROLD WITMAN

188 Hillside Avenue

"Yump's" wittiness and keen sense of humor have made him known to all.

French Club 6, 7; Math. Club 6; Table Tennis 6.
C. P. Ohio Col. of Chiropody

MARY WOROBOV
182 Hillside Avenue

Mary's mischievous smile and expressive eyes will lead her far.

General Whitman's School



NANCY A. WRIGHT
55 Spruce Street

Nancy and those deep blue eyes hold a certain fascination.

International Club 3; French Club 7.

C. P.

M. S. T. C.

HELEN B. WOROSYLA
401 Bergen Street

To those who see her daily, Helen is always a happy and cheerful comrade.

Jr. Secretaries Club 6, 7, 8; Scholarship Com.; St. Optimist.

Secretarial Undecided



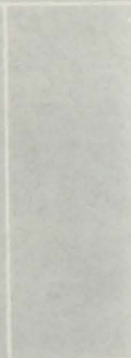
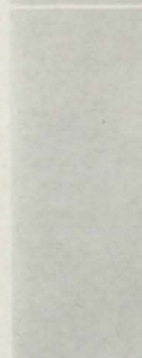
SAM B. ZIPKIN
33 Homestead Park

Success lies dormant in everyone, even in Sam.

Patrol 8.

Business

N. Y. U.



ETHEL ZUCKERBROD
225 Meeker Avenue

Ethel is known to all through her fine sense of humor.
Dramatic Club 4; Swimming Club 4.

Business

N. Y. U.

OLIVIA BLANTON
216 Avon Avenue

Olivia goes her own way and does her own part.

General Undecided

GEORGE J. HACIK
625 Belmont Avenue

George has a personality which he uses to good advantage

Business N. Y. U.

WILLIAM F. KRIEGER
88 Wright Street

"Bill" spends his time in retrospection.

General

Rutgers

IN PASSING

I shall not mourn
The passing days,
Days full of eager living,
Days of striving, losing, winning,
Days of weeping and of singing.
While the heart beats
I shall not sorrow;
I live today,
I'll live tomorrow.

—Elisha L. Fisher.

There are some we meet in passing
And smile at as we go,
And others we think of often,
'Cause they're so fine to know.
Of these we cherish memories
Through all the after years,
Friends, never to be forgotten,
Should thought bring smiles or tears.

—Ruth Schwartzberg.

Senior Sport Review

By Ben Holstein

THESE dread liberty bells strike terror into our hearts bi-annually. However, this is one time when the coaches of our various sports will not be frightened by old man liberation, (graduation to you). Although great scholars, debaters, and thespians are going to receive their sheepskins, no great athletes are leaving, with the possible exception of Morton Estrin and Dave Goldfarb.

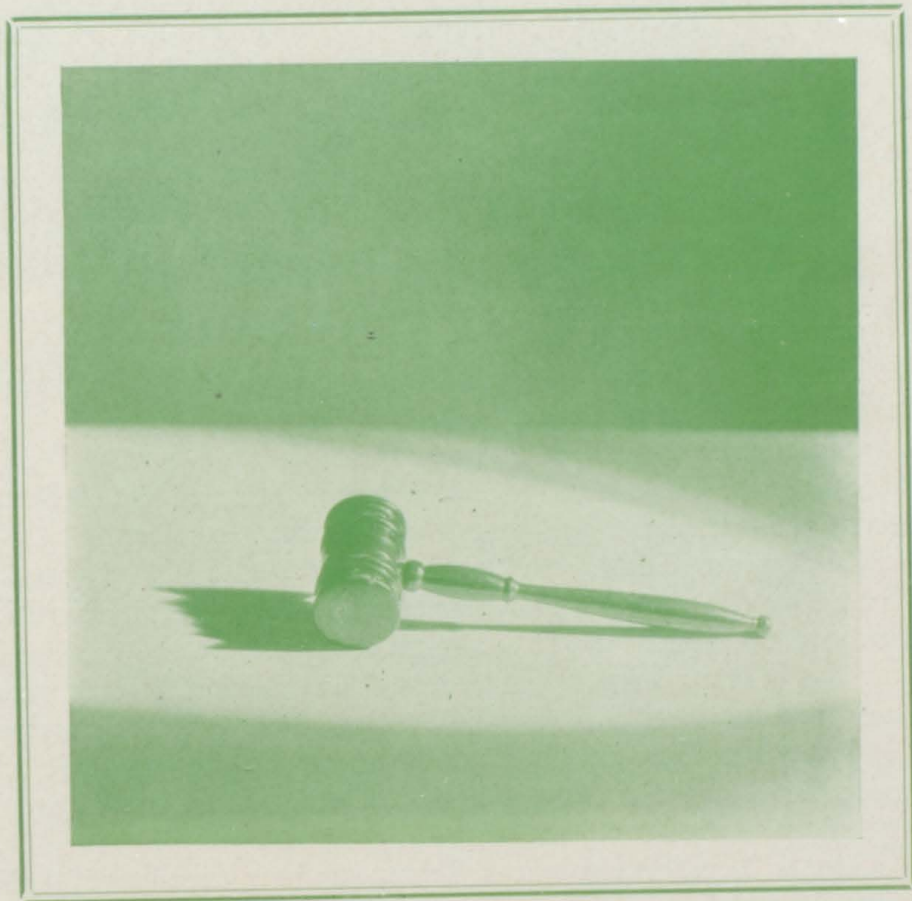
The man who can really thank the Lord, is "Cavvie," our basketball mentor. The only basketeers who will be missed are Bob Kreiger and Bobbie Shulman, both "Bobbies." (Incidentally this is South Side High School which is not located in London.) At the same time Coach Thornton is not losing many men, although his team has not been as successful as our present court team. "Three Letter Goldfarb" and "Silent Charley" Coles are sole footballers who will bid the coach "Adieu."

While our major sports have suffered lightly the always unnoticed, but gallant minor-sports, who always get the worst of every deal, again get their destined share of woe. From the Swimming Team down to our Table Tennis Team, (this also is a sport), old man graduation will wreak havoc. The mermen leaving are Mort Estrin, Dave Goldfarb (again), Jay Connelly, George Paddock, Philip Trachtenberg, and Mortimer Shultz. This, no doubt, is a high sign to Coach Stoll that good times don't last forever and that if he hopes to repeat last year's feats he must build himself an entire new team. South Side Fencing will miss the arm of Bert Bristol, while the Tennis Team misses the resourceful Izzie Schanerman, and the unsung Milton Chinich.

Now for our two dark horses, or uncoached teams. We mean the Gym Team and the Table-Tennis Team. The boys with the wooden meat-choppers will miss their chief celluloid cracker in Captain Willie Leither and a redoubtable reserve man under the handle of Milton Chinich. Our gymnasts, who get in trim while the rest of the school is suffering in the auditorium, lose their two best assets in Meyer Fand and Theodore (Pippy) Spector. The former, a past-master on the horse and on the parallel bars, is the largest point-snatcher on the team, while "Pippy" is one of the best club-swingers South Side has ever seen.

Last, but not least, we have Baseball, an old South Side sport, and at the same time a new one. Since its arrival into active exercise, not so long ago, it has had the continual support of Herb Case, Ted Lowe, Dave Goldfarb, and Bobbie Shulman. Now these four mentioned have grown to be dangerous contenders under the able tutelage of Coach Ben Leon. However, just as these fellows are ready and "rarin'" for a few more seasons, the peals of the liberty bells drown out all further chance of high school competition and together with the other ex-South Siders they will seek higher education, a job, or a convenient, sheltered spot in the bread line.

Activities





Seniors, South Siders, and Folks:

Our class officers, God bless 'em,—they worked hard to get elected, and worked hard to *stay elected*.

Seated: Seymour Gerber, president.

Standing: (in the usual order) Cecile Mandelstein, treasurer; Morton J. Green, vice-president; and Josephine Gurrera, secretary.

In Seymour Gerber, the Senior Class found a hidden talent for the trying job of President, and it was his capacity for organization which welded our class into the highly-g geared unit that it is.

The greatest tribute that "Morty" Green would want, would be to have it said of him, that "He tried hard to be serious—and succeeded!"

Josephine Gurrera needs no introduction to the male element of the Senior Class, and the class as a whole, will unanimously agree that as Secretary, she was the "top."

Cecile Mandelstein was a Treasurer "par excellence"—she emptied our pockets, and we loved it.

There they are, world—win, lose, or draw, no Senior Class ever had a more "Royal Family!"



Senior Optimist Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Ruth Schwartzberg

DIRECTORY

Myrtle Bussiere and
Janet Weiss
Co-chairmen
Helen Briefer
Paula Convisor
Florence Friedman
Josephine Gurrera
Ruth Meelheim
Golda Senzer
Leon Schnur
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FACULTY ADVISERS

Mr. Philip Braunstein
Miss Eugenia E. Wachauf
Mr. Edward Warenreich

TYPISTS

Rose Groch
Anne Sommer
Helen Worosyla



First Row—Leona Simon, Janet Weiss, Mr. Byron Kirk, Ruth Schwartzberg, Gloria Press. *Second Row*—Benjamin Holstein, Annette Pearl, Florence Friedman, R. ta Denenberg, Beatrice Schwartz, Harvey Teicher. *Third Row*—Clarice Caplan, Miriam Miner, Golda Senzer, Thomasina Bell, Paula Convisser.

Senior Debating Team

The Debating Team, under the direction of Mr. Byron Kirk, has been successful in every venture. This term we regret the graduation of fifteen members of the Team, all veterans and the "cream of the crop."

The Team is going out for bigger and better victories. This term the debates included verbal battles with such glorious teams as the Lafayette College Freshmen, Lambertville, Passaic and Princeton. As can be easily observed, the Team is dominated by the fair sex. Women always were known as good speakers.

The captaincy has been held by the women during the past year. Last term Ruth Schwartzberg was captain, and this term, Janet Weiss. We hope one day to see the people in the accompanying photograph among the luminaries in the land.



First Row—Martha Tobin, Lenore Ackerman, Seymour Krueger, Miss Helen White, Rita Denenberg, Florence Friedman.
Second—Ruth Meelheim, Mina Gerber, Myrtle Bussiere, Dorothy Walkenberg, Shirley Pivnick, Ruth Schwartzberg.
Third—Rose Groch, Clarice Caplan, Janet Weiss, Golda Senzer, Ernestine Steinfeld, Rhoda Krueger, Sylvia Goldstein, Marjorie List.
Fourth—Jack Hosid, Morton Green, Jack Geist, Frank Ignacuinos, Murray Rosenthal, Israel Schanerman.

Honor Society

THE HONOR SOCIETY of South Side was organized in 1926, and became a chapter of the National Honor Society in 1930. Since then it has grown in numbers and in importance. It is the form of recognition granted by the school to students outstanding in character, scholarship, leadership, and service. Members are chosen by a committee of the faculty consisting of Miss White, Miss Doroson, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Logan, and the faculty advisors of the upper classes. The present officers of the Honor Society are: President, Seymour Krueger; secretary, Rita Denenberg.

The other senior members are: Lenore Ackerman, Myrtle Bussiere, Florence Friedman, Morton Green, Rose Groch, Frank Ignacuinos, Ruth Meelheim, Murray Rosenthal, Israel Schanerman, Ruth Schwartzberg, Golda Senzer, Ernestine Steinfeld, Martha Tobin, Janet Weiss.



Girls' Glee Club

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB, under the direction of Miss Agnes C. Murphy, meets on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Its officers are: President, Jane Zink; vice-president, Mildred Palme; and secretary, Martha Tobin. The club participates in the exercises on graduation night and occasionally sings in the assembly. At present the members are finding enjoyment in singing such delightful songs as *The Butterfly*, by Delibes; a Scotch melody, *Turn Ye to Me*; and a Swedish Folk Song, *The Water Sprite*.

Sopranos—Esther Arons, Betty Asen, Charlotte Balsam, Roslyn Bessenoff, Marie Bohler, Ethel Brabham, Florence Busch, Eugenia Brzezinska, Carolyn Campbell, Edna Cassidy, Bernice Dougherty, Ruth Essex, Florence Friedman, Charlotte Grossman, Lillian Koris, Ruth Meelheim, Eleanor Mueller, Annette Murphy, Minnie Notkin, Jennie Posner, Naomi Miller, Wanda Schawske, Eve Schneiderman, Esta Schwartz, Miriam Schragen, Mary Stancati, Betty Shelters, Jeannette Walker. *Second Sopranos*—Henrietta Agisim, Adalyn Falk, Helen Felter, Gertrude Green, Anna Haye, Catherine Holgate, Adele Koenig, Alyce Kuna, Ruth Lee, Norma Melchior, Edna Milrad, Mildred Palme, Harriet Papier, Anne Perlman, Helen Stein, Shirley Teitlebaum, Martha Tobin, Edith Voswinkel, Shirley Yeskin, Christine Zommer. *Altos*—Doris Becker, Ruth Campbell Sarah Dector, Miriam Durna, Edele Engel, Goldie Freed, Florence Jones, Marjorie List, Ruth Masser, Betty Steiner, Georgia Stone, Jane Zink.



Boys' Glee Club

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB of South Side High School meets every Monday and Wednesday during the eighth period. At the beginning of the term, the following were elected as officers of the organization:

President, Monte Barron; vice-president, Robert Raymond; secretary-treasurer, Albert Stilwell. Under the direction of Miss Agnes C. Murphy, of the faculty, the club is working on several selections including the college songs, *Vive L'Amour*, *Nut Brown Maid*, also Flemming's *Integar Vitae* and David Stanley Smith's *Hope Carol*. Chosen members of the club took part in the Essex County Music Festival on May 15.

First Bass—Russell Booker, Paul Brooke, Conrad Butler, Joe Dimmack, Frank Dyer, Philip Friedman, Albert Haase, Courtland Jenkins, Jack Schwartz, George Terry, Arnold Weinthal, Paul Zigman. *Second Bass*—Oliver Chamberlain, Jacob Gonshak, Victor Kuczynsky, Sidney Lewitter, George Plutchok, William Reilly, Franklin Rettig, Albert Stilwell, Jerome Westreich. *First Tenors*—Albert Davne, Joel Douglas, Madison Flanagan, Harry Hazelwood, Frank Sanders, Alvin Schaffer, Richard Singer, Seymour Wexler. *Second Tenors*—Robert Ashkenes, Monte Marron, Ira Dworking, Sidney Feinberg, Robert Haug, Gerson Lipowitz, Robert Raymond, Seymour Tenner.



International Club

Front Row—Tillie Chovnick, Shirley Gelfand, Gladys Bromberg, Mae Salinger, Pauline Kaplan, Arline Borden.

Back Row—Pearl Freling, Rose Levine, Dorothea Schwing, Miss Beatrice Gross, Lucille Smallzman.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB was organized for the purpose of giving our students the opportunity to come in closer contact with the students of foreign lands. One meeting each month is devoted to foreign correspondence. Letters received by the members of the club are read and discussed, chiefly from the social and cultural point of view.

Students of the Foreign Exchange System have been very kind to the group in coming to our school to speak about their native country, in their native tongue, and in native costume. This year the club had the pleasure of presenting a student of France and one from Germany at meetings to which the members of the language clubs were invited.

In the near future, the club is planning a trip to visit a foreign boat. Besides the letters which are read during the meetings, programs are prepared by the members, further depicting the life and culture of the various countries. Skits also are presented which show the character of the people. Miss Beatrice Gross is faculty adviser and the officers are: President, Gladys Bromberg; vice-president, Shirley Gelfand, and secretary, Mae Salinger.



Junior Secretaries Club

With the introduction of the commercial courses in South Side High School, the Junior Secretaries Club came into existence. The members, just as the name implies, are the secretaries of the future. The club has attained its present size and efficiency through the training and guidance of Miss Lillian Doroson. The officers are as follows: President, Annie Stevely; vice-president, Rose Groch; secretary, Marion Franzblau.

The club aims to familiarize the members with the procedure and etiquette of the business world. In order to accomplish this purpose lectures, debates, play, and investigations of business concerns are planned. A survey of the office of Kresge's Department Store was the most recent activity accomplished by the club.

The members, a great number of whom are seniors, meet every other Wednesday. A program is usually planned by the activity committee over which the vice-president acts as chairman.

The ideal of each member is to be an efficient private secretary. Good service as a Junior Secretary will make this goal possible.



Vocations Club

THE VOCATIONS CLUB is an interesting and helpful organization. The purpose of the club is to provide students with information concerning various occupations for which they can prepare. Information which includes educational opportunities, college entrance requirements, and costs is collected by the group. Through a system of committees preparing various phases of the work, the Vocations Club group has discussed the high school program, methods of securing positions, and methods for holding jobs. A special committee is investigating vocational opportunities for Negro youth.

The officers elected for this semester are: President, Caroline Sudfeld; vice-president, Catherine Casson; and secretary, Helen Kelly. Mr. Holland has given his support and able assistance to the club. Miss Beryl Anderson, library assistant, has been of great assistance in securing information on various subjects.



Business Club

THE officers of the group are: President, Harold Glaser; vice-president, Constance Vasselle; secretary, Celia Heyman. Mr. Canio Scoca is faculty adviser.

The club aims to provide an opportunity for pupil expression; to develop a realization of business problems and responsibilities; to inculcate a spirit of sociability and co-operation among the members. To accomplish these purposes, a diversified program has been planned. Among the activities scheduled are open discussions on topics of current interest in the business world, dramatic interpretations, debates, student lectures, visiting speakers, and trips to commercial houses. Meetings are held every second Friday at 2:30 p. m., in Room 213.



Photography Club

ENTHUSIASM marks the activities of the Photography Club of South Side High School. There are two groups: The Senior and the Junior. The officers of the Senior group are: President, Albert Goodman; vice-president, Gertrude Green; secretary, Ethel Diener. The officers of the Junior group are: President, Jack Schwartz; vice-president, Sidney Venetsky; secretary, Sylvia Morrison. Mr. Norman C. Finkel is the faculty adviser.

The aims of the club are to familiarize the members with methods and fundamentals of photography. Above all, the club aims to have the members derive pleasure from active participation. Both the Senior and Junior clubs have twenty-five members. They are interested in all phases of "still" photography, motion picture making, and photoplay study. They are studying the construction of "still" and motion picture cameras, the art of taking pictures correctly, and the fundamentals of photography.

Silly Senior - Y!

VOLUME—Very Loud!

NUMBER—*We've got it!*

PRICE—Name it!

IDIOTORIAL!

Friends, Romans, and Seniors, lend me your ears! Lend me a buck for the engraver's fee! Lend me a tuxedo for the Prom! Lend me! Let the period bells ring out, let the fire drill bells ring out! WHY? (Shall I tell 'em?) Because we're all gonna ring out! (We hope—and pray!) Ain't dat sumpn? Quiet, in the cheap seats! Who said we're crazy? (Yoo minit?) Well, if you don't like it you can lump it!

Which reminds us of the ancient tale about the fellow in the restaurant, who asked the waiter, "Have you any lump sugar?"

Said the waiter, like a true South Side Senior, "No, sir, we only have granulated sugar, but if you don't like it, you can lump it!"—Oh, sugar! Let's hide!

If you think we're crazy, now,—just wait 'til you read some more!! Then you won't think we're crazy! Oh, no! You'll KNOW we're crazy!

* * * * *

THE MARSH OF TIME!

(Noose Flushes from Senorland)

Room 55—With Captain Doroson at the helm, the good ship "55" embarked on the Sea Nyor with colors flying. Ruth Katz "dressed" herself into the "senator-ship" and became a stowaway. The home-room is still recovering!

Room 57—Manager Logan sells basketball tickets, Max Karlman deserts pigskins for sheepskins, (and Miriam Miner), and the home-room suffers! (Out loud!)

Room 60—Commander-in-chief Fisher, we salute thee!
Helen Briefer, we wonder how you ever became Senator!
Home Room 60, we pity you!

Room 106—To Mr. Lyons—photography!
To Myrtle Bussiere—stenography!
To Home Room 106—misery!

Room 108—A Hecht-ic room, a Rose Groch senator, and a goofy class!

Room 111—We've got White!
We've got Haber!
We've got CLASS!

Room 203—Recipe: 1 cup of Miss Kysor, 1 teaspoonful of Florence Friedman, and 1 Home Room!
Result—Angel Cake!?

* * * * *

"We all know Mr. Fisher dislikes the ladies,
He says the boys' heads are much more level.
He wishes all the girls were down in Hades,
But if they were; I'll bet he'd be the devil!"

—*Jerry Galvin.*

The Spotlight

Remember:

When we came to South Side from the annex . . . did we feel good . . . good and putrid . . . our rise upwards from the masses to become Seniors . . . and Senioritas . . . Our first assembly program . . . or, was it pogrom . . . Yowsah . . . the rise of the commercial classes . . . or, who saw my typewriter flying? . . . The goofy class elections . . . The even goofier class vote . . . our first Senior Class meeting . . . or, was it a riot . . . The date of the Prom . . . Dancing classes . . .

This term:

Those famous romances . . . Mortie Green and Ruthie Schwartzberg . . . we oughta know . . . Ben Holstein simply currazy about that dark damsel with the "eyes" . . . Yes, we mean Paula . . . Better watch out, Bill . . . Golda and the "Monroe" Doctrine . . . or, is it Lou from Elizabeth, now . . . Bea Schwartz and that certain Dave . . . always running around in circles, that girl . . . Flo Bazelon and Israel Geller . . . we seen ya . . . those three mosquitoes . . . Sol Levitt, Harriet, and Lenny Bierman . . . Harvey Teicher and Dotty Asher . . . Come, come, Morty Estrin . . . Max Karlman and Miriam Miner . . . 'ts no go, fellas, they're practically dated solid for life . . . Hazel Feinsilver and a mysterious baby, only ten weeks old, named Henry . . . Oh, Henry . . . Kitty Tendler and Perth Amboy's Larry Weiss . . . Don't crowd, girls, he'll be at the Prom, all in one piece . . . Janet Weiss and Janet Weiss . . . If Janet is listenin', we mean Lenny Asher, a freshman son of old Eli . . . Sanford Portuguese and the "Ledger" . . . If San is listenin', who cares? . . . Ouch!

* * * * *

"AREN'T WE ALL"

I go to school day after day
Like the religious man that goes to pray;
I try to do my lessons well,
But a new feeling has come to dwell.
My mind wonders to far-off places,
And I can't keep up with the teacher's paces,
What to do I cannot say,
For spring has come and I'm that way. —Bella Cohen.

* * * * *

As we roam about:

Ruth Meelheim and Ruth Roebeling giggling at Morty Green . . . Teddy Spector earnestly discussing the Hottentot situation with Ben Holstien in Cockney dialect tinged with Yiddish . . . Izzy Schanerman, Frank Ignacuinos, John Gould and Mr. Getman, trying to prepare Coloratura Umphatate in the Chem. Lab. . . . Harvey Teicher yelling across the hall, with nobody listening except Harvey Teicher . . . The look on Max Willsky's face when called to the office . . . Ruth Weinberg telling everybody where they get off . . . but who cares? . . . Seymour Gerber and Morty Green, finding out that they are related, and calling each other "Cousin" and other little sundries . . . Al Stavitsky wandering around with his coat on, and his instrument "off" . . .

We will never forget:

Ben Holstein's assembly announcements . . . Dave Goldfarb's splendid rendition of "If" . . . Mrs. Batt's History tests . . . Mr. Franzblau . . . Paula Convissor's eyes . . . Miss Wachauf saying, "I should know?" . . . "Rosalynde" . . . Sid Fruchter . . . Bob Krieger's basketball playing . . . Leon Schnur's frankness . . . Seymour Krueger and Chemistry . . . Harry Kotler's politics . . . Rita Denenberg and the French Club . . . Thomasina Bell's sneezes . . . etc. . . .

* * * * *

WITH APOLOGIES TO E. A. R.

Whenever Susie Senior walked downstairs,
We freshmen on the sidewalk envied her:
She was a queen from toe to shining hair,
And also very bright, one might infer.

And she was always modishly arrayed,
And she was always slangy when she talked,
But still, male pulses fluttered when she said,
"Hello, there," and she glittered when she walked.

And she was pretty—yes, prettier than a queen,
And nicely schooled in how to fix her face.
In short—we thought that she was everything
To make us wish that we were in her place.

So on we worked, and wondered at our fate,
And crammed for our exams by working hard.
And Susie, one fine evening very late
Came home and found four F's upon her card.

—Sara Nagler.

* * * * *

Believe it or not:

There will be a mere 240 in the graduating class . . . We'll be sitting on the rafters yet . . . Annette Pearl is not the angel she's made out to be . . . Nancy Wright is another angel with ruffled wings . . . Betty Epstein's hair was not always golden . . . Sylvia Garfinkel was pretty sweet on B. H. in grammar school days . . . Anne Sommer was never, never, under the mistletoe . . . not with M. J. G. anyway . . . Louis Grabelsky comes to school early, now and then . . . mostly then . . . Bessie Biarsky is in the Senior Class . . . she's so quiet, you wouldn't know it . . . Martin Weingold is one of the most brilliant students in the class . . . Sara Nagler will probably rank very high in the class ratings . . . Francis Sosienski breathes . . . Muriel Campbell smiles . . . we saw her giggling at Morty Green's crazy antics . . . Anna Polonsky keeps quiet—sometime . . . Murray Rosenthal is stage-shy . . . and the biggest oddity of them all . . . Morty Green was the shyest, most bashful, and least known freshman in the South Side Annex . . . Believe it or not! . . .

SMIRKS, SMILES, SIMILES!

As:

All-around as Rita Denenberg. (All-around what?)
Blue as Francis Sosienski's eyes. (Yeh-yeh-yeh).
"Cagey" as Hazel Feinsilver. (Cahbon Dahoxahd).
Darling-looking as Harvey Teicher. (Don't shoot, boys, that's Dotty Asher's line!)
Egregious a mathematician as Louis Grabelsky. (Clock broke).
Graceful as Betty Shelters. (Ah!)
Handsome as Robert Egan. (Who wrote this stuff, anyway?)
Idle as a book on Bob Krieger's desk. (Who needs books?)
Just as Janet Weiss. (—loves me, I love her!)
Yeah, and the only thing we get on *our* radio, is dust!
Loquacious as Anna Polonsky. (The Cracked Record!)
Magnanimous as Leon Schnur. (Schnur!)
Nervous as Tommy Bell before a test! (Sneeze gently, etc.)
Optimistic as Bessie Biarsky. (Sh-sh.)
Pleasant as Annette Pearl. (We hoid different!)
Quotable as Irvin Stock. (To be or not to be!)
Rollable as Bea Schwartz's eyes. (Oh!)
Thorough as Rhoda Appel. (An apple a day, etc.)
Victorious as Mort Estrin in a pool. (Splashing on to victory).
Winning as Leona Simon's smile. (Simonize, boys, simonize!)

Xanthous (blonde) as Golda Senzer. (Ya got me, kid!)
Zealous as Kitty Tandler. (Perth Amboy, here I come!)
Gorgeous as Shirley Kirsch's big, brown eyes. (Brown eyes).
Natural as Eve Schneiderman's blond tresses. (Naturally).
Pretty as Mary Forland's features. (Featuring what?)
Vivid as Bertha Schneider's charm. (Chahmed, I'm sure!)
Pleasing as Rose Groch's manner. (What's the manner with Rose?)
Refreshing as Dorothy Weidkam's frankness. (Coca-cola!)
Out standing as Sarah Dector's girlishness. (Take a bow.)
As charming as Ruth Weinberg's personality. (Hi, Ruth).
Oh, yes, she is a decided blonde. She decided only recently.
Gracious as Helen Worosyla's poise. (You mean it?)
Nimble as Bella Cohen's dancing feet. (The Blue Danube boys!)
Clever as Helen Reicher's wit. (Wit—or witout?)
Winning as Florence Fabricant's smile. (Smile, Flo, smile!)
Optimistic as Anne Singer's mind. (Mind your optimism, Anne!)
Original as Mary Prail's ideas. (What's the idea?)
Musical as Mary Worobov's voice. (Let's face the music and dance!)
Athletic as Sorrel Franzos' athletic body. (Listerine for Athlete's foot.)
Daring as Frieda Lerman's pranks. (Stop it, Frieda, or I'll sprank you!)

Versatile as Martha Tobin.
 Quiet and sweet as Ruth Roebeling.
 Ambitious as Celia Heyman.
 Vivacious as Paula Convissor.
 Reticent as Ethel Schwartz.
 Noisy as Faye Ostrow in English class.
 Boyish as Peter von Nessi.
 Alert as Marion Franzblau.
 Comical as Martha Grossman.
 Clever as Ruth Meelheim.
 Likeable as Shirley Kirsch.
 Good-natured as Marcia Abrams.
 Interested in shorthand as Irene Slamar.
 Silent as Ruth Schram.
 Friendly as Loretta Cowan.
 Another guy who makes a living with his good looks, is
 the house detective!
 Reserved as Alice Carr.
 Petite as Myrtle Bussiere.
 Bee-u-ti-ful as Marjorie Timoney.
 Jolly as Jennie Posner.
 Slow as Sammy Zipkin talks.
 Cultured as Caroline Campbell.
 Shy as Ruth Moore.
 Dashing as Larry Fitzpatrick.
 Good at sewing as Evelyn Jeffrey.
 Efficient as Annie Stevely.
 Good in History as Marie Ogden.
 Winning a personality as Mildred Hayes' personality.
 Hard a worker as Florence Goldfinger.
 Little as we hear of Sonia Margolis.
 Noiseless at a typewriter as Jessie Richardson.
 And again we repeat: Love is blonde!

* * * * *

Quiet as Bert Bristol. (Sphinx).
 Cute as John Gould. (Little Lord Fauntleroy).
 Confiding as Hyman Eisenberg. (Mortimer Mum).
 Attractive in personality as Barbara Parsonnet. (Mae West).
 Adorable as Abe Levine. (Tom Thumb).
 Pessimistic as Jack Schmuckler. (Rubinoff).
 Loving a nature as Sophie Stechbardt. (Aline MacMahon).
 Romantic-looking as Seymour Gerber. (Don Juan).
 Much sought-after as Seymour Krueger. (Lee Tracy).
Flash: The first woman to get her gowns from Paris was
 Helen of Troy!

THE STRAIT SENIOR TICKET!

FELLAS

Morton J. Green
 Dave Goldfarb
 Jay Connelly
 Eugene Charmoy
 Theodore Loew
 Morton J. Green
 Theodore Spector
 Leonard Bierman
 Robert Krieger
 Irvin Stock
 Ben Holstein
 Jack Schmukler
 John Gould
 Milton Chinich
 George Paddock
 Israel Schanerman
 Robert Krieger
 Milford Jeiteles
 Seymour Gerber
 Eugene Charmoy
 Frank Ignacuinos
 Harvey Teicher
 Bertram Bristol
 Abe Levine
 Morton Estrin
 Dave Goldfarb
 Morton J. Green

Did Most for South Side
Best Athlete
Best Dancer
Best Dressed
Best Looking
Best Actor
Class Angel
Class Baby
Class Optimist
Class Pessimist
Class Politician
Class Tease
Cutest
Just Plain Class
Laziest
Most Ambitious
Most Conceited
Most Likely to Succeed
Most Popular
Most Sociable
Most Studious
Noisiest
Quietest
Shortest
Tallest
Biggest Flirt
Wittiest

GALS

Ruth Schwartzberg
 Betty Shelters
 Sorrel Franzos
 Ruth Katz
 Golda Senzer
 Joan Newberry
 Sophie Stechbardt
 Nancy Wright
 Paula Convissor
 Lenore Ackerman
 Ruth Schwartzberg
 Leona Simon
 Sylvia Garfinkel
 Clarice Caplan
 Faye Ostrow
 Florence Friedman
 Golda Senzer
 Ernestine Steinfeld
 Cecile Mandelstein
 Cecile Mandelstein
 Ernestine Steinfeld
 Sylvia Garfinkel
 Annette Pearl
 Rhoda Appel
 Joan Newberry
 Miriam Miner
 Dorothy Asher

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

I went downtown one merry day,
 I should have gone to school.
 And while I think about it now,
 I know I was a fool.

The lunch and movies were alright,
 In fact, the whole day nice,
 But while I think about it now,
 I paid too high a price.

My teacher and my mother, both
 Asked what was my intention.
 I said I really didn't know—
 I now attend detention.

—Barbara Parsonnet.

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God bless them one and all!
To run this hard and stubborn
world;
Spread cushions for their fall!

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